

John Dick 25 Wellington St Strand

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 53.—Vol. II.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1862.

ONE PENNY



PHEASANT SHOOTING. (See page 3.)

Notes of the Week.

DR. LANKESTER held an inquiry on Saturday at the Victoria Tavern, Kentish-town, into the circumstances attending the suicide of a wood engraver named John Robertson Gray, aged thirty-three, living at 24, Clarence-road, Kentish Town. The deceased's wife said that on the previous Tuesday, while on a visit to a neighbour, her husband sent to say that if she wished to see him again alive she must return home instantly. She at once hastened to her house, and there found him in an excited state of mind in his room, with a tumbler containing something in his hand. He told her that in a very few minutes she would be a widow. He directly rushed out of the room into another, and came back exclaiming, "It is done! It is done!" She dashed the tumbler from his hand as quickly as she could, and he then said in a determined manner, "I have done it! It is too late!" Before medical aid could be procured he expired. Other evidence tended to show that the deceased committed the act from despondency, and the recent excessive use of ardent spirits. Mr. Calcleugh, surgeon, of Clarence-road, deposed that the tumbler had contained cyanide of potassium, and that was the cause of death. Verdict, "Suicide while in an unsound state of mind."

A RESPITE has been granted to the unfortunate woman M'Lauchlan, who is under sentence of death for the murder of Jessie M'Pherson at Glasgow. The pressure of public opinion which has been brought to bear upon the Home Secretary in reference to this case has induced him to delay the execution to the 1st of November, in order that full and close examination may be made into the truth of the prisoner's statement as to the murder being committed in her presence by the old man Fleming. If that examination does not result in establishing the truth of the statement, the execution will take place. It is to be hoped that the extraordinary admissions of the old man himself made during the trial will be carefully considered. A curious feature in the Scottish law is pointed out. It seems that a witness, once having been examined in a case, cannot afterwards be indicted for the offence as to which he has given testimony. He may, however, be indicted for perjury, if in any particular his evidence has been untrue.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner for East Middlesex, held an inquest at the Britannia Tavern, Paul-street, Finsbury, relative to the death of John Marr, aged sixty-five years, who was found dead at No. 7, Luke-street, Curtain-road. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased was a fancy box manufacturer, and lived in a filthy and secluded manner. He had complained to his daughter, a little girl, aged twelve years, of pain in the limbs. She went to him, and found him in a wretched condition, lying on the floor almost in a state of nudity. She called in a neighbour who found that deceased was insensible. A medical gentleman was sent for, who pronounced life extinct. The surgeon was examined, and said that he found deceased lying upon the floor naked and in a filthy condition. The deceased had no doubt been attacked with a fit, and fallen down, and being alone had died from suffocation. The nose and lips were compressed and livid. The skin was off his knees, showing that deceased had struggled violently before death. Mr. Waller, the summoning officer, stated that he visited the room, and found it in a wretched condition as if it had been years without a broom. There was a large sauceman in the room which formed the deceased's cupboard, containing some mouldy bread. The coroner remarked on the wretched nature of the case, and said it was a pitiable condition for a human being to be found in. Verdict—"Accidentally suffocated while in a fit."

The passengers by the 10.30 train from Shoreditch Station to Hertford were the other night thrown into the utmost state of alarm on finding the carriages come to a standstill a moment or two after they left the departure platform. On looking out they found the danger signals flaming as far as the eye could reach, but were unable to learn from the railway officials the cause of their detention. The train having backed again, endeavoured to move forward, but with no better success than before. The process of retrogression was again repeated, and the train having been shunted from the down to the up rails, at length commenced, but with extreme caution, to creep forward, and so the passengers, more than 100 in number, were able to ascertain the cause of their detention, for they saw between the goods station at Brick lane and the Mile-end platform a large body of men repairing the down line, which had been broken up by the circumstance of some heavily laden trucks having got off the metals and ploughed up the permanent way to some extent. It was fortunate that the accident in question was so timely signalled, else the Hertford train would have continued its course on the down line, when probably a catastrophe, not less appalling in loss of life and limb than that which last year occurred at Kentish-town, might have been the result.

The preliminary meeting, to make the necessary arrangements for the great Garibaldi demonstration which is to take place in the City, was held on Monday night in Guildhall Coffee-house. A number of influential gentlemen were present, and it was finally arranged that the demonstration should come off in the Guildhall, on the 14th inst., namely, next Tuesday. The Lord Mayor, it is fully expected, will take the chair. From all we can hear, we feel justified in predicting that the demonstration will be one of the greatest that ever took place in the City of London.

We regret to record the death of Admiral Sir James Whitley Deans Dundas, G.C.B., who expired at Weymouth, after a protracted illness, attended by severe suffering. Sir James entered the navy in 1799, and at his decease had attained the rank of Admiral of the White. The deceased was G.C.B., and received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour in 1857, for his service in the Black Sea. He commanded the English fleet at the naval attack on Sebastopol.

About four o'clock on Monday afternoon, a young man, named Peter Moss, a compositor, with another young man, were sailing on the river in a skiff, with a main and foresail set. When off Deptford a squall capsized the boat, in consequence of the main sheet having been made fast, and the boat being without ballast. Moss sank, and was not seen again. The other young man was rescued.

SHORTLY after eight o'clock on Saturday night a short-horned ox of immense proportions broke loose from a drove that was being driven to the New Cattle-market, Caledonian-road, for the day's sale, and pursued a rapid course, followed by a number of drovers and others, into the Caledonian-road, where the crowd was joined by mobs of persons, who, in endeavouring to catch him, drove him to and fro, and by their shouts rendered the animal furious, and in his mad career he tossed several barrows, fruit and vegetable stalls, high into the air, scattering the contents about the carriage-way and foot pavement, and injuring the owners, one of whom had his shoulders gored, and a boy sustained serious injury by being knocked down and trampled upon. The "lasso" was tried ineffectually, none of the drovers being sufficiently expert to capture him. At last the bull-neck made a rush into the shop of Mr. Rackham, medical herbalist, No. 38, Sutherland-terrace, Caledonian-road, demolishing the front and glass cases, and forced his way into the parlour, where, after smashing nearly the whole of the furniture, he sat quietly down on his haunches. By this time a machine for the conveyance of cattle had arrived, and Mr. Cook, slaughterman, of Cowcross-street, assisted by his men, succeeded in removing the animal to the New Market. The damage is roughly estimated at nearly 100. There was great alarm in the neighbourhood for about two hours, while the ox was at large, and many of the shopkeepers were obliged to shut their shops for fear of damage.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The France has the following mare's-nest from Genoa, which it represents as "worthy of the most serious attention":—

"Garibaldi, who has just issued an address to his partisans in which he declares that Italy has no hope of salvation but in the protection of England, lately told some friends who paid him a visit at Varignano that he had an understanding with agents of the English Government on the subject of Rome. The object of this understanding was to bring the British Cabinet to declare to France that she could no longer be suffered exclusively to occupy a portion of Italian soil, and that, in consequence, England would occupy Sicily until Rome should be evacuated by the French army. This combination is connected with long-standing projects, and the constant ambition of England. It is well-known that all the mineral riches of the island are in the hands of English subjects, and that at this moment English agents swarm in every part of the country. We doubt, much, however, whether the Queen's Government, in spite of its aggressive tendencies, will lend itself readily to these promptings. Nevertheless, when we consider this news in connexion with the meetings in England, with the Garibaldi proclamations, and the mysterious mission of Dr. Partridge, it is impossible not to be struck by all these symptoms which reveal the most complete alliance between the party of action in Italy and English interests."

These are the things for promulgating which Viscount Guernoniere gets £1,000 a-year from the Empress's private purse, besides his salary and his senator's pay.

ITALY.

AMNESTY FOR THE GARIBALDIANS.

The *Turin Official Gazette* of Monday evening publishes the royal decree of amnesty, countersigned by Signor Ratazzi. The decree is preceded by a report of the minister to the King. The minister in this report says:—

"The motive which had compelled your Majesty to withstand the generous intentions of your heart no longer exist. The rule of the law is again consolidated. Confidence in your frank but at the same time prudent policy has moderated the impatience which had pushed Garibaldi on the path of rebellion. By the catastrophe of Aspromonte we could perceive that if, while fighting in your name, he would still achieve prodigious results, he took up arms against your rights, whatever might have been his ultimate intentions. At present Italy is re-assured; recalls the services rendered by Garibaldi, and wishes to forget his errors. This desire of the country is echoed by all the friends of the liberty and unity of Italy. When it was necessary to combat rebellion, the Government proposed the most energetic measures. But all danger has now ceased. The Ministry, therefore, becomes the interpreter of these generous wishes, and asks clemency of your Majesty. We should have wished to extend this amnesty to all who have participated in the insurrection, but the necessity of upholding the sentiment of military duty in the army prevents us from including soldiers who have deserted amongst those to whom pardon is granted. The honour of our flag forbids our taking extenuating circumstances into consideration in their favour."

MEXICO.

Letters received in Paris from Vera Cruz, via Southampton, give a very different account of the state of affairs in Mexico from those published in the French papers. They state that Juarez, far from giving up the contest, is preparing to oppose a desperate resistance to the French troops. The city of Mexico is said to be strongly fortified, and the road from Orizaba is to be defended inch by inch.

PRUSSIA.

The following, according to the *National Gazette* of Berlin, are the principal passages of Count de Bismarck's statement in the committee on the budget, relative to the military reorganization:—"He declared that he could not see that the situation and institutions of Germany were satisfactory, and he was of opinion that it was necessary to ameliorate them. 'But it is not,' he added, 'by speeches and votes that such a result would be arrived at; it would be only by the sword and by bloodshed; it was only force and energy that could bring about a final decision.' That declaration produced a great sensation at Berlin. According to the *People's Gazette* of Berlin, the colonel of a regiment, in dismissing men whose period of service had terminated, spoke to them as follows:—"Hold no friendly relations with the democrats, whether liberals or progressists, for you will soon have to meet them in a different way."

AMERICA.

The following is a description of the battle between the Federals and Confederates, fought on September 17, and although by no means a decided victory for the former, it caused the retreat of the latter from Maryland. The correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writing from the battle-field, after describing the advance of the right and centre of McClellan's army, thus depicts the critical position of its left, under General Burnside:—

"There are two hills on the left of the road, the furthest the lowest. The rebels have batteries on both. Burnside is ordered to carry the nearest to him, which is the furthest from the road. His guns opening first from this new position in front, soon entirely controlled and silenced the enemy's artillery. The infantry came on at once, moving rapidly and steadily up, long dark lines, and broad, dark masses, being plainly visible without a glass, as they moved over the green hill side. The next moment the road in which the rebel battery was planted was canopied with clouds of dust swiftly descending into the valley. Underneath was a tumult of waggons, guns, horses, and men, flying at speed down the road. Blue flashes of smoke burst now and then among them, a horse, a man, or half a dozen went down, and then the whirlwind swept on. The hill was carried, but could it be held? The rebel columns, before seen moving to the left, increased their pace. The guns on the hill above sent an angry tempest of shell down among Burnside's guns and men. He had formed his columns apparently in the angles of two fields bordering the road—high ground about them everywhere except in front. In another moment a rebel battle-line appears on the brow of the ridge above them, moves swiftly down in the most perfect order, and though met by incessant discharges of musketry, of which we plainly see the flashes, does not fire a gun. White spaces show where men are falling, but they close up instantly, and still the line advances. The brigades of Burnside are in heavy column; they will not give way before a bayonet charge in line. The rebels think twice before they dash into these hostile masses. There is a halt, the rebel left gives way and scatters over the field, the rest stand fast and fire. More infantry come up, Burnside is outnumbered; flanked, compelled to yield the hill he took so bravely. His position is no longer one of attack; he defends himself with unflinching firmness, but he sends to McClellan for help. McClellan's glass for the last half-hour has seldom been turned away from the left. He sees clearly enough that Burnside is pressed—needs no messenger to tell him that. His face grows darker with anxious thought. Looking down into the valley where 15,000 troops are lying, he turns a half-questioning look on Fitz-John Porter, who stands by his side, gravely scanning the field. They are Porter's troops below, are fresh, and only impatient to share in this fight. But Porter slowly shakes his head, and one may believe that the same thought is passing through the minds of both generals,—

'They are the only reserves of the army; they cannot be spared.' McClellan remounts his horse, and with Porter and a dozen officers of his staff rides away to the left in Burnside's direction. Sykes meets them on the road—a good soldier, whose opinion is worth taking. The three generals talk briefly together. It is easy to see that the moment has come when everything may turn on one order given or withheld, when the history of the battle is only to be written in thoughts and purposes and words of the general. Burnside's messenger rides up. His message is, 'I want troops and guns. If you do not send them I cannot hold my position for half an hour.' McClellan's only answer for the moment is a glance at the western sky. Then he turns and speaks slowly,—'Tell General Burnside that this is the battle of the war. He must hold his ground till dark at any cost. I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more. I have no infantry.' Then, as the messenger was riding away he called him back. 'Tell him if he cannot hold his ground, then the bridge, to the last man; always the bridge! If the bridge is lost, all is lost.' The sun is already down; not half an hour of daylight is left. Till Burnside's message came it had seemed plain to every one that the battle could not be finished to-day. None suspected how near was the peril of defeat, of sudden attack on exhausted forces—how vital to the safety of the army and the nation were those 15,000 waiting troops of Fitz-John Porter in the hollow. But the rebels halted instead of pushing on, their vindictive cannonade died away as the light faded. Before it was quite dark the battle was over. Only a solitary gun of Burnside's thundered against the enemy, and presently this also ceased, and the field was still. The peril came very near, but it has passed, and in spite of the peril, at the close the day was partly a success—not a victory, but an advantage had been gained. Hooker, Sumner, and Franklin held all the ground they had gained, and Burnside still held the bridge and his position beyond. Everything was favourable for a renewal of the fight in the morning. If the plan of the battle is sound, there is every reason why McClellan should win it. He may choose to postpone the battle to see if his reinforcements. It is hard to estimate losses on the field of such extent, but I think ours cannot be less than 6,000 killed and wounded—it may be much greater. Prisoners have been taken from the enemy, I hear of a regiment captured entire, but I doubt it. All the prisoners whom I saw agree in saying their whole army is there. Fierce and desperate battle between 200,000 men has waged since daylight, yet night closes on an uncertain field. It is the greatest fight since Waterloo—all over the field contested with an obstinacy equal even to Waterloo. If not wholly a victory to-night, I believe it is the prelude to a victory to-morrow. But what can be foretold of the future of a fight in which from five in the morning till seven at night the best troops of the continent have fought without decisive result?"

A letter from New York, dated Sept. 24, has the following comments upon a proclamation issued by President Lincoln:—

"General McClellan having failed to crush the rebellion on the banks of the Potomac, President Lincoln has come to the rescue with a proclamation which he hopes will crush it in the cotton fields. Sixty days ago he declared that he would confiscate the property, slaves included, of all persons who at the expiry of that term should be in arms against the Government. That proclamation having remained a dead letter—having had no effect whatever in coercing or persuading the Southern people to re-enter the Union which they abhor, has been followed by a second, extending the day of grace until the 1st of January, 1863. On that day, as far as President Lincoln's action can penetrate, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State of which the people shall then be in rebellion against the Federal Government, shall be considered thenceforward and for ever free, and the naval and military power of the United States shall recognize and maintain their freedom. But the President does not take it upon himself to abolish slavery, for he proposes to purchase the manumission of all slaves within such States as may be loyal at the time specified, and which may desire to rid themselves of the institution, and to leave slavery alone in all such loyal States as may not feel disposed to try the experiment of emancipation. It is too soon to judge of the effects of the proclamation. In New York the Abolitionists—who are but a small party—are delighted, and their chief and ablest organ emphatically prays that 'God will bless Abraham Lincoln' for it; but the vast mass of the people who have no sympathy for the negro, and who think he is well placed in the South, and very ill-placed in the North, seem to think that it is but waste-paper at the best, or that if it have any results at all they will only be to embitter Southern feeling, to render reconciliation more hopeless than ever, and perhaps to drive the Border States out of the Union."

Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, has offered the following resolution in the Confederate House of Representatives:—

"Resolved,—By the Congress of the Confederate States of America:—That the signal success with which Divine Providence has so continuously blessed our arms for several months past would fully justify the Confederate Government in despatching a commissioner or commissioners to the Government at Washington city, empowered to propose the terms of a just and honourable peace."

THE CONDEMNED MURDERESS.

THE wretched woman, Catherine Wilson, who is ordered for execution on Monday, the 20th instant, for the crime of murder by poisoning, under most atrocious circumstances, still continues to exhibit the same appearance of indifference and callousness that has characterized her ever since she has been in custody. Notwithstanding the clear manner in which the crime was established by the evidence, the prisoner, it appears, has, upon several occasions, earnestly asserted her innocence of the offence, and she professes still not to have heard a single word of the address that was made to her by Mr. Justice Ryles who tried her, in passing sentence, when, it will be remembered, he alluded to other charges of the same description that had been made against her, and to the probability of her being guilty of three if not four other murders, by poison. She always alludes to the judge as "the gentleman," and says that she did not understand what he said. She is evidently a woman of most determined spirit, and she does not seem at all alarmed at the prospect of death; but it is probable that she may be buoyed up to some extent by the idea that the capital punishment will not be carried out in her case, although of course every effort is made to disabuse her mind of such a feeling, and to induce her to prepare for the fearful and inevitable result of a conviction for such a crime. It is said that Mr. Neale, the solicitor who defended her upon her trial, has sent in a memorial on her behalf to the Home Secretary, but beyond this, it does not seem that any section of the public has made a movement, by petition or otherwise, to obtain a commutation of the capital sentence.

The winter campaign of the committee who conduct the religious services in the metropolitan theatres was opened on Sunday night. At the Surrey Theatre there was an overwhelming congregation. Hymns were sung and prayers offered, after which there was a sermon by the Rev. R. Robinson, minister of York road Chapel, Lambeth. It was announced that the service next Sunday evening will be conducted by the Rev. Samuel Minton, M.A., of Worcester College, Oxford. Sadler's Wells Theatre, the Standard, Shoreditch, and the Pavilion, Whitechapel, were also thrown open on Sunday evening for special services conducted by clergymen of the church of England, and Protestant dissenting ministers.

General News.

A FARMER named Louis Bousquin died recently in the township of Kinsey, Canada, at the advanced age of 106 years.

We have from New Orleans a curious correspondence about negro babies. It seems that the State of Louisiana has formerly been in the receipt of a very nice little revenue from the sale of all the negro children born of convicts in the state prison. Some stupid Yankee has taken it into his head that raising human beings for sale in this way is wrong, and so he writes to General Butler asking his opinion. Uncle Ben tells him not to sell another baby.—*New York Tribune*.

So seriously has the depression in the trade of Manchester and the neighbourhood operated on the literary and educational institutes, that the directors of the Salford Working Men's College have agreed to allow all old scholars to attend the classes during the winter free of charge. So general is want of employment in Pendleton, another district of Salford, that the directors of the Pendleton Mechanics' Institution have resolved to throw open the use of the reading and other rooms of the building to all the unemployed hands of both sexes.

The death of Major-General Sir John Inglis, K.C.B., will cause no army promotions, inasmuch as the gallant officer was on the supernumerary list of general officers promoted for distinguished services. The colonelcy of the 32nd Light Infantry and the Ionian Islands command are rendered vacant.

A FRIGHTFUL catastrophe has just taken place in the port of Barcelona. The boilers of the steamer *Monjui*, employed in the works of the port, blew up, two of the crew were killed, and six others dreadfully mutilated.

The *Iona*, a fine iron steamship, well-known to highland tourists, when she plied between Glasgow and the north-west coast of Scotland, was some time ago purchased by persons favourable to the Confederate cause, for the purpose of running the blockade, and proceeded to Gourock Bay to adjust her compasses previously to her departure for America. She was then run into by the *Chanticleer*, a fine new vessel which was returning from her trial trip preparatory to going out to her station in China. The collision took place at ten minutes past seven, and the two vessels remained in contact for half an hour, hanging to each other. It was apparent, however, from the damage done to the *Iona* that she would soon sink. Accordingly the whole of the crew were removed to the *Chanticleer*, and the two vessels were then separated. Not long afterwards the *Iona* went down in water 150 feet deep. She was heavily laden with stores for the Confederate Government.

The *Universal* says:—"The first of the Sansons, the grandfather of that dynasty of executioners which has reigned for so many years in Paris, was really a man of good birth; his name was Sanson de Longal, and he was an officer in the army. He one day fell in love with a young girl, the daughter of the executioner of Rouen, married her, and succeeded to his father-in-law. What a subject for a drama that incident would furnish, with such a title as 'The Young Nobleman, or the Executioner from Love!'"

The *Independence* of Brussels publishes the following letter:—"Autun, Sept. 30.—I read in a letter dated from Paris, in your number of the 27th, that President Lincoln offered the command of the armies of the North to General Changarnier, who refused it. Your correspondent has been led into error. I have never received any proposition from President Lincoln or from his agents. I request you to insert this letter in your next number, and accept beforehand my sincere thanks.—CHANGARNIER."

The Earl of Harrowby has been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Staffordshire, in the room of Lord Hatherton, resigned in consequence of ill-health.

On Monday the wife of a labouring man, named Ann Streetly, was discovered frightfully burnt and unconscious in a room of her residence, at 6, George-street, Chelsea. The unfortunate creature was promptly removed to St. George's Hospital, where, although she received prompt medical attendance, she gradually sank, and died between two and three hours afterwards. A short time before the discovery was made she was observed, when last seen alive, to be apparently in a state of intoxication.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. Serjeant Payne, coroner of London and Southwark, held an inquest at the Ship Tavern, Little Bridge-street, Blackfriars, on the body of a female unknown, found drowned in the river Thames, near Blackfriars-bridge. A man, named William May, a Thames waterman, of Chelsea, said, that on the previous Thursday afternoon, he found the body of the deceased lying on the bed of the river, under the water, but not floating. The body was got out and removed to the dead-house. He was inclined to think from the position he found her, that she had fallen from the top of the bridge. Mr. Oxley, the ward beadle, said that some persons passing over the bridge stated that a child was in the deceased's crinoline when she jumped off, and that another had been left in one of the recesses of the bridge. He had inquired of the police, but they knew nothing of the circumstance. Mr. Robert Ware said, that he heard that a female had thrown herself off the bridge, and had left her infant in the recess, and afterwards that she had placed it in her crinoline, but none of the pieermen knew of a female jumping over the bridge. The jury, at the suggestion of the coroner, adjourned till Monday next at two o'clock.

A NEW YORK letter has the following startling announcement:—"Besides the thousands of our dead that are ditched wholesale, a large number are brought daily to the city to go west, east, or north; all lost in these monster battles. We are so accustomed now to death that we do not mind it a bit. Our theatres were never so crowded; they never could be more so if real dead bodies were introduced on the stage. Forrest is playing *Richard III.* Expect to read shortly, 'In the last act, where *Richard* is killed, his body will be represented by a real dead body, the manager having at a considerable expense procured the dead body of Ezekiel Strong, private in 95th Connecticut, who was killed last week at Sharpsburg.'"

The Archbishopric of York, about to become vacant by the translation of Dr. Longley to the Primacy, has, we learn, been offered to, and declined by, the Bishop of London.

On Monday, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the presence of a numerous assembly, laid the foundation stone of a new Baptist chapel at East-hill, Wandsworth.

A NOTICE has been received from Sydney announcing that New South Wales has remitted a further subscription of £10,000 for the Lancashire Distress Fund.

The Metropolitan Roads Commissioners have just given notice to the local authorities that it is their intention to abolish the City-road gate, and throw the maintenance of the road upon the district.

SOME time since a petition was presented to Lord Sydney, the Lord Chamberlain, by the Hon. Colin Lindsay, and other members of the Church of England, praying that in the Feenoes about to be granted to the managers of metropolitan theatres for next year, a clause should be inserted restricting them from opening for public performances during the Holy Week, as was formerly the case. The Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, acting for the Lord Chamberlain, has addressed a letter to Mr. Lindsay, declining to grant the prayer of the memorial, on the ground that other places of public amusement are allowed to be open during the season. The Lord Chamberlain suggests that a Bill should be introduced into parliament by those anxious to maintain the restriction, as being the best way of carrying out their wishes.

Provincial News.

LANCASHIRE.—CONFESSION OF THE KIRKHAM MURDERER.—Patrick Cain, in custody on the charge of murdering Mr. Henry Bawcliffe, at Kirkham, has confessed his crime. He called Police-constable Fletcher to him, and said he must tell the truth—he threw the poker at the deceased, but he did not intend to kill him. He expressed regret for the occurrence, and added, "If they only spare my life, and don't hang me, I shan't care." He said he got the poker out of Jenny Cain's house; that he had seen it there three years. Mrs. Cain, wife of Jenny (who is in custody for resisting the police), denies that the poker is hers, and protests that she has no knowledge of it. Michael Kilburn, who was in custody as an accessory, has been released, there being no evidence against him.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—CHARGE OF DRIVING INTO A COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS.—A case of considerable importance to volunteers, and one that created much interest among the members of the Robin Hood corps, was heard on Saturday, at the Shire Hall, Nottingham. On that day Mr. Robinson, ground bailiff to Lord Middleton, was charged with wilfully driving into a company of rifle volunteers, on the 18th ult., on the Derby and Nottingham turnpike-road. Robinson was driving a light cart through the toll-bar, and was cautioned by the gate-keeper to drive carefully, as the riflemen were coming through. In reply he said he did not care a— for the soldiers, and drove on. Two other persons were in the cart at the time. Evidence was adduced showing that Robinson drove furiously, and whipped his horse after several volunteers had been knocked down, one of whom, named Edward Marshall, was severely injured and rendered insensible for some time. Robinson afterwards drove his horse among the band, scattering them in all directions. After hearing the evidence, the magistrate committed the prisoner for trial.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—WHOLESALE MUNICIPAL DISFRANCHISEMENT.—At a court of sessions held on Monday at Wolverhampton for the revision of the burgesses' roll, nearly three thousand names of persons, tenants of houses, the rates for which are paid by composition by the landlords, were struck off the roll. The Small Tenements Act, by which the municipal as well as the parochial electoral rights of such indirect ratepayers are preserved to them, does not extend to Wolverhampton, wherein the composition of rates had been previously provided for by the local Act, wherein the tenants' parochial electoral rights only are preserved to them. By the courtesy of Mr. H. Underhill, who appeared in support of the objections, Mr. R. Sidney, a retired linen-draper and a popular member of the board of guardians, was allowed to argue from the fact that the local Act was obtained previous to the incorporation of the borough that it was intended to preserve all the electoral rights of such persons; but Mr. Underhill stated that the restriction to parochial electoral rights was an amendment to the original Bill that was insisted upon by the House of Lords when the Bill was passed in 1847. The assessors decided that the objection was fatal, and struck off all the names so objected to. Mr. Sidney said the decision would be appealed against in the Court of Queen's Bench, where the question would be raised by an application for a mandamus. About half a dozen only of the persons objected to were present, and the proceedings, though generally known, did not appear to excite the slightest general interest.

WARWICKSHIRE.—EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF FORGERY.—We regret to have to state that at the Police-court, a young man of genteel appearance who described himself on the charge sheet as "John Howard Baker, no trade, Smethwick," was brought before Messrs. Lloyd and Lane, of a charge of having forged a valuation for £500. On the application from Detective-inspector Tandy he was remanded. We believe it will appear that three deeds and a valuation of certain property have been forged, and that through the instrumentality of the forged documents the young man obtained an advance of £500. The matter was accidentally discovered by Mr. Howell, who had been interested in making the valuation, and Mr. Baker was apprehended as he was about to leave by train, in company with his wife.—*Birmingham Post*.

PHEASANT SHOOTING.

PHEASANT shooting, which commences on the 2nd of October, is one of the most fashionable and aristocratic of field sports. The rigidly preserved woods of our territorial nobility and gentry on that day resound with the discharge of firearms, and no inconsiderable amount of slaughter is effected amongst the feathered tribe on the 2nd of October. Pheasants are scarce this year in all the preserves, many of the eggs having been destroyed during the hatching, and numbers of the young birds having perished in consequence of the inclement season. The cold, wet summer was also injurious to the surviving birds, and they do not grow well. They improved, however, very much during August and September.

FATAL SUPERSTITION.—A lad aged seventeen, son of a farmer named Laurent, at Vergeau (France), met with his death, a few nights back, in a singular manner. He was amusing himself behind the hedge of another farmer, named Juventy, imitating the cry of the screech-owl. The presence of that bird, it is well known, is regarded by the peasantry as an ill omen, and Juventy, hearing the cry, immediately fetched his gun with the intention of shooting it. Seeing something white moving through the hedge, he fired, lodging the entire charge of the gun in the breast of the unfortunate lad. Some neighbours hastened to the spot, and with the assistance of Juventy, carried the youth to the residence of his parents, where he shortly expired. On seeing Juventy, he was just able to say, "You have killed me, but it was my fault.—*Galignani*."

A PROVIDENT HUSBAND.—A few days ago, Catherine, the wife of John Clarke, residing in South-street, Milburn-place, North Shields, died and was interred in a coffin which had been provided for her by her husband about twenty years prior to her death. John Clarke, the husband of the deceased, is well known for his eccentric notions. He formerly resided at Coble-dene, and in one room of his house were placed the coffins of himself and family, which he had made ready in case of death. The coffins, which were made of mahogany, and French-polished, bore the names of the family for whom they were intended. Some of the family have died, and have been interred in their respective coffins.—*Sunderland Herald*.

ENCOUNTER WITH A WOLF.—A farmer, named Pouban, whose residence is situated on the road from Pau to Vic (France), was informed a few days ago by his young sheep-boy, with an air of terror, that two large wild dogs had penetrated into the shed and killed a number of sheep; that one had fled on his opening the door, but that the other was still in the midst of the flock. The farmer hastened to the shed, and from a hole in the door perceived a huge wolf lying in the midst of more than a dozen sheep which it had killed. Being tired of the carnage, the wolf had gone to sleep without having completed the destruction of the entire flock. Pouban armed himself with a pitchfork, and not being able to persuade any of his men to accompany him, entered the shed alone, and closed the door behind him. Going straight to the animal, he struck it vigorously with the points, but the wolf being only wounded, sprang at him fiercely. The man, however, defended himself with great coolness, and after a contest of two or three minutes succeeded in pinning the animal in a corner. The labourers, who had witnessed the fight from without, then seeing that there was no further danger, came in and despatched it.

GARIBALDIAN RIOTS IN HYDE PARK.—THE SYMPATHIES OF THE ARMY.

HYDE PARK on Sunday was the scene of a riot far exceeding in magnitude and in its serious consequences that which took place on the previous Sunday. In consequence of the interruption there was to the meeting of sympathy with Garibaldi by a body of Irish roughs, and who succeeded in thwarting the object of its convener, large bodies of working men had given notice to the committee that they intended being present in the park on Sunday, and supporting them at all hazard. The committee, not feeling justified in incurring the responsibility of calling a second meeting, when a collision was likely to ensue, determined to abandon their intention to hold the meeting, and issued a notice to that effect. The publicity given through the press to last Sunday's proceedings, however, combined with the fact that the abandonment of the meeting had not become generally known, caused an immense assemblage in the park on Sunday. Before two o'clock all the principal thoroughfares leading to Hyde-park were crowded with persons proceeding towards it, many of them carrying thick sticks, and by three o'clock the police on duty estimated that at least 100,000 persons had passed through the park gates. As on the previous Sunday, the mound of earth near the Marble-arch was the centre of attraction, and at an early hour of the afternoon it was taken possession of by a body of about 200 Irish labourers, armed with bludgeons, who at once raised the cry of "Three cheers for the Pope, and down with Garibaldi." Immediately surrounding this mound were stationed about 500 more of the same class similarly armed, and who openly expressed their intention to oppose by force any meeting being held in favour of Garibaldi. A working man who, unperceived by the Irish, had made his way on to the mound, here rushed to the front, and, waving his hat, and holding aloft a board with the name of Garibaldi painted upon it, called upon the vast mass of people in front and around the mound to give three cheers for the Italian patriot, which appeal was responded to by a tremendous burst of cheering from the assembled thousands. In an instant a dozen of the Irish bludgeons rattled about the head of the Garibaldian champion, and he was hurled from the mound bleeding profusely. This was the first act of violence committed, and was followed by a desperate rush of the Garibaldians upon the Irishmen, who, from the advantageous position they held, their determination, and the free use of their cudgels, succeeded in beating back their assailants, but few of whom had anything but nature's weapons at their command. Just at this time a body of powerful Irish labourers and others came upon the ground, all armed with sticks, and fought their way up to their countrymen, who, thus reinforced, and emboldened by their recent triumph, with loud hurrahs for the Pope made a desperate rush amidst the crowd, knocking down indiscriminately men, women, and children, amongst others two or three soldiers of the Guards, who seemed an especial object of dislike to the Irishmen. The Garibaldians, irritated at this cowardly and ruffianly attack, and headed by about twenty soldiers, who had rushed to the aid of their comrades, then fought their way up to the mound, and after a severe struggle with the Irishmen ranged around its base, succeeded in obtaining a footing upon it. The scene now became one of great excitement. The soldiers, who were armed with sticks supplied them by the crowd, amid the cheering of the Garibaldians and the yells and shouting of the Irish, laid about them with unsparing vigour. The blows from the sticks resounded on all sides, and blood began to flow freely from the heads of both parties. Each soldier had at least a dozen assailants to contend with, many of whom were evidently expert at the use of their weapons, and possessed of sufficient bulldog ferocity to make them most formidable opponents. At least a dozen men were lying at this time bleeding and senseless on the top of the mound, and the soldiers were on the point of being overpowered by numbers, when about half a dozen of the Life Guards, about the same number of the 3rd Buffs, followed by a body of at least fifty working men with sticks and umbrellas, rushed on to the mound and turned the tide of victory. After a terrific melee of about five minutes the Irish gave way, and made a precipitate retreat from their position. One soldier of the 3rd Buffs, a short, thick-set man, armed with a piece of park rail, knocked down six of the Irishmen in succession, receiving in return a severe wound in the forehead. As the Irishmen were beaten from the mound, the people below seized upon those who had made themselves most conspicuous, and dragged them to the outskirts of the crowd, and gave them in charge to the policemen, several of whom were there stationed, but with orders not to interfere unless under the personal orders of the commissioner. Those who were identified as having been active in the onslaught upon the people were at once taken off to the station-house. Sir It. Mayne and Captain Harris, the Commissioners of Police, came upon the ground, and it getting dusk, and seeing the alarming state of affairs, despatched a constable to the Wellington Barracks for a strong picket of the Fusiliers, about fifty of whom, under the command of an officer, but without arms, speedily attended, one party taking possession of the mound, and the other ordering the soldiers into barracks. A strong body of the D division of police, who had been kept in reserve in the Marble-arch, were also brought on the ground under the command of Captain Harris. These measures, combined with the retreat of the Irishmen, and the approach of dusk, put a stop to the proceedings, and the people gradually left the park, which became quite cleared by eight o'clock.

ACCIDENTAL POISONING OF CHILDREN WITH SYRUP OF POPPIES.

An inquest was held by Dr. Lankester, at the Pine-apple Tavern, New Church-street, Liason-grove, on the body of a child named Emma Farlow, the daughter of a tradesman, of Salisbury-street, Portman-market. It appeared that a dose of syrup of poppies had been given by the parents to the little girl, one of twins, only about a month old, and that shortly after the medicine had been given, both children exhibited symptoms of poisoning. Dr. Westmacott, of St. Mary's-terrace, was sent for, and found them labouring under the effects of a narcotic. He applied the usual remedies with promptitude, and, after great exertion, succeeded in recovering the boy; but the girl, being the weaker of the two, expired in about twelve hours. The cause of death he asserted was solely from an overdose of syrup of poppies. A teaspoonful was the quantity given as a dose, which he thought quite sufficient to cause an infant's death. The coroner remarked that it was just one of those unfortunate cases which frequently occurred from the dangerous and reprehensible practice of parents giving narcotics to children. It was a bad thing, and never ought to be done, except under medical directions. Syrup of poppies varied so much in strength, that a dose that would not be fatal in one case would be in another. It was, however, frequently done. Verdict—"The deceased, Ann Emma Farlow, died from narcotic poison accidentally;" and the jury severely condemned the reprehensible practice of administering narcotics to infant children to produce sleep.

IRELAND.

An Irish address to Garibaldi has been prepared and is in course of signature in Dublin. It is to be accompanied by a testimonial from "the people of Ireland." The address hails him as a successful deliverer of his countrymen "from the most miserable of all bondage—that which, as one of our own statesmen has well described it, confines the intellect and enslaves the soul," and the glorious liberty which marks his path has not been tarnished or sullied by selfish ambition or boastful pride.

THE QUEEN AND KING OF SPAIN.

MARIA LOUISA ISABELLA, Queen of Spain, was born on the 10th of October, 1830—the daughter of Ferdinand Seventh, and of Maria Christina, his fourth wife. She owes her throne to the famous Pragmatic Sanction of the 29th March, 1830, which suppressed the Salic Law in Spain, and dispossessed her uncle, Don Carlos.

for reactionary measures, against which the Cortes attempted to fight by electing as their President a Liberal, Martinez de la Rosa. The Ministry dissolved the chamber, and presented a project for the revision of the constitution.

The reign of Isabella II has been signalized of late years by very animated negotiations with America relative to the island of Cuba, which the United States want to buy, and which Spain refuses to sell; and against which, in 1850, the adventurer Lopez made an

The Queen's husband, at all events, seems a very insignificant creature, and the Court of Spain is one of the most corrupt in Europe. The heir to the Spanish throne is the Prince of the Asturias, whose portrait appears on the opposite page.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN E. W. INGLIS.—The mortal remains of the gallant defender of the residency at Lucknow



THEIR MAJESTIES THE QUEEN AND KING OF SPAIN.

Her Majesty married her cousin Francis of Assis—her sister at the same time marrying the Duke de Montpensier, King Louis Philippe's son. In December, 1851, was born the Queen's first living child.

On the 2nd February, 1852, the Queen was slightly wounded with a poniard, by an insane priest named Martin Merino. This attempt at assassination, taken in connexion with the new despotic policy which was then dominating Europe, was seized as a pretext

attempt which cost him his life; by the regulation of the Pyrenean frontiers with France; by a convention with France, Belgium, Sardinia, and Switzerland, relative to the organization of international telegraphic service. Spain, whose Queen has not been wholly recognised by Russia, remained neuter during the Eastern war.

There have been strange reports regarding the Queen of Spain's character and conduct. On these reports we pronounce no opinion.

were deposited in a grave in the quiet cemetery at Homberg in comparative unostentation. The gallant officer's sorrowing widow and a few friends, including Lord and Lady Chelmsford, the Hon. Miss Thesiger, Colonel the Hon. W. Thesiger, and his younger brother, attended at the funeral rites. Much sympathy was evinced by the English residents for the widow. It is said that the Queen had at an early moment on learning the general had died written a most feeling letter of condolence and sympathy to Lady Inglis.

VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

THE rapidity with which Victoria has risen to a place of considerable importance is owing to the recent discovery of the precious metals on the island. As late as 1843 the site now occupied by this daily increasing town was a forest of majestic oaks, with a few fir trees and thick willow copses. Even the Indians had not a location here at that period. Near the centre of the engraving of Victoria may be seen the collection of buildings occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company, known as Fort Victoria. They were erected in 1843. At that date no emigration from England to Vancouver's Island had taken place. During the early part of the year 1849 the first arrival of settlers from Great Britain took place. It was organized under the immediate auspices of the company pursuant to an engagement of five years. Vancouver's Island was leased about this period by the company from the English Government at a nominal rental of seven shillings per year. Emigration was continued from this time up to the present Fraser River excitement, on the same plan as the first. The sketch after which our engraving was made was taken from Deadman's Point, nearly south-west from the town. At its right is an arm of the estuary entitled James's Bay, on the south side of which may be seen the Governor's residence. The thoroughfare running along the northern bank of this inlet is called Kanaka-road. On the hill is the Episcopal Church, the only edifice in the town visible from the outside of the harbour. Good anchorage for vessels of moderate draught exists in the harbour of Victoria, and its accommodation for the reception of shipping will be materially increased when the Esquimalt-road bridge (at the left of the picture) is removed.

The first view here given in British Columbia represents New Westminster, which is built near the mouth of Fraser River, and is admirably suited to all commercial requirements. It consists of a single thoroughfare, called Columbia-street, running parallel with the river, at a height of nearly a hundred feet above the level of the water. The wild pine forests raise their heads still in all directions around the new settlement, and the red-skinned native catches his salmon in view of the dwellings of the white.

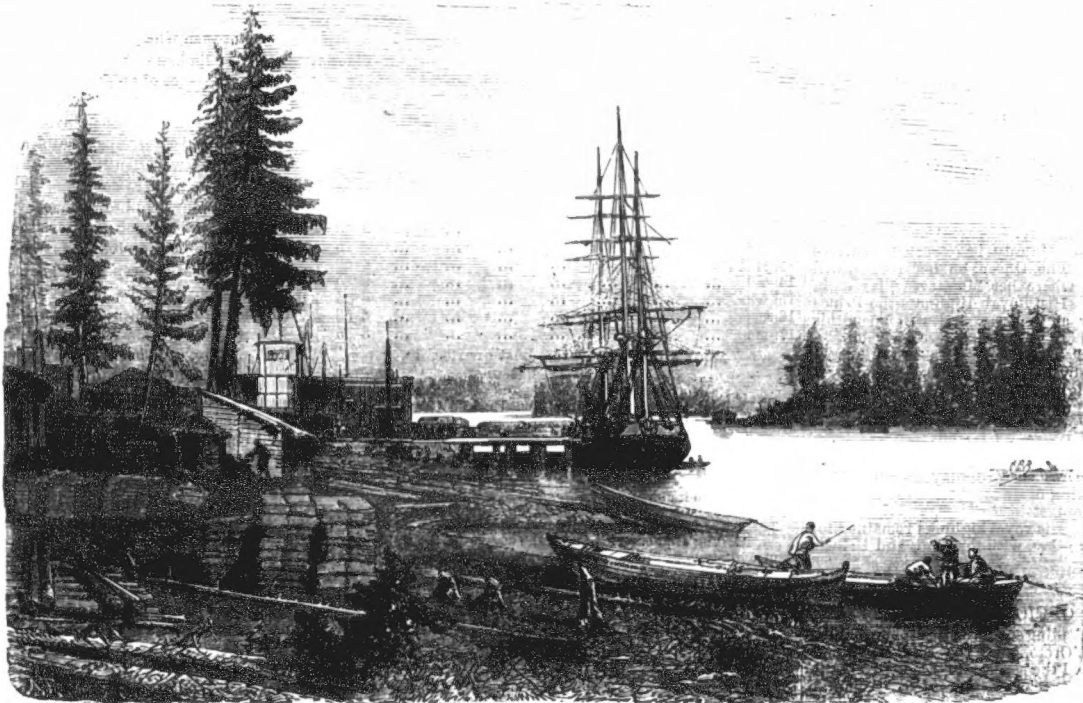
The harbour, with a view of which we present our readers, is as beautiful as applicable to commerce. Its fringe of exquisite pines aids in the general loveliness of the scene. Even at the present moment it does not require the expenditure of



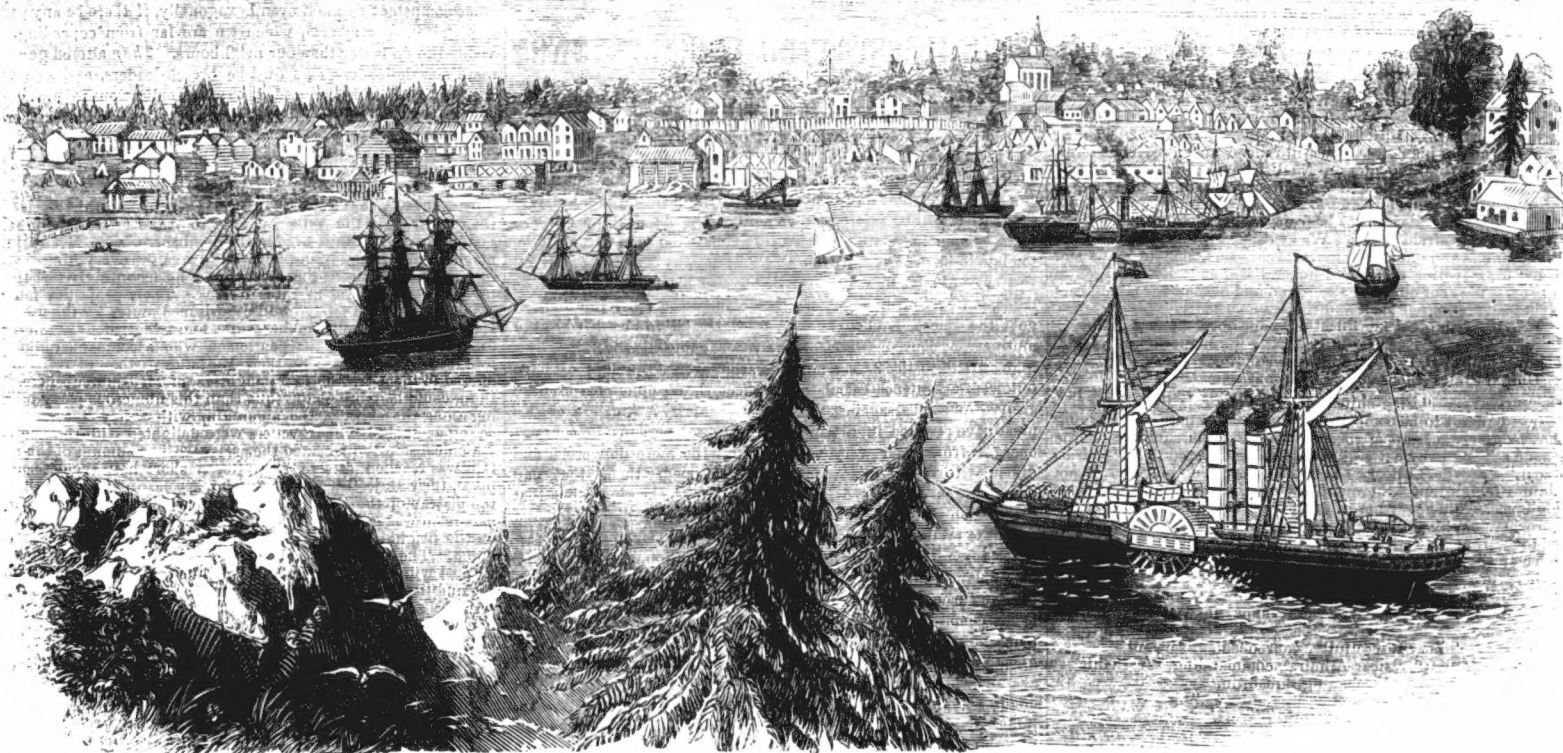
THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS. See page 4.)

an hour to walk round the city. It, however, contains some important buildings, for that in the foreground, and on the left, is the treasury, while of the huts to the right, one is the house of his excellency the governor, who generally resides at Victoria (Vancouver's Island), and the other the residence of the bishop. The idea of the bishop of so new a colony as British Columbia may create a smile, but any satire which this early establishment of a bishopric may excite, must be converted into earnest respect when it is known that the foundation of that ecclesiastical curacy is due to the liberality and goodness of Miss Burdett Coutts, who furnished an endowment to the see to the amount of £15,000. The episcopal jurisdiction is large, comprising a territory of nearly a quarter of a million of square miles; but the income of the bishop, taken in comparison with the extent of his see, rather than the number of souls under his religious direction, is moderate, it being only £600 a year.

Some of the particulars here given are from a very useful little work, entitled "The Handbook of British Columbia," published at 13, Catherine-street, Strand, the author of which tells us that "It is no exaggeration, but a simple fact, that the gold diggings of British Columbia is a lottery in which there are no blanks; and the prizes are indeed splendid. While Indians, with rudest hand labour, and Chinese, are often found getting an ounce of gold a day, and while the hired labourers at the work, without sharing its risk, get £2 a day, besides their keep. We are told of five men, in two months, obtaining, in a spot which promised ill at first, more than £20,000. As the work, however, can only be carried on during a part of the year, perhaps the wealth of the country is more correctly represented by the wages of a labourer in permanent employment. It is probable that the class of persons whom benevolent people would wish to send out to the colony would be better adapted for some regular service than for the hardships and risks of gold digging. Such persons, by farm service, by road-making, by the care of horses, and other ordinary employment, may obtain in British Columbia from 12s. to £1 a day, besides their rations. The country is beautiful, abounding in wood, water, and grass, with a soil so deep as often to form a serious addition to the labour of the gold digger, and with the certainty of a good market for produce. How many a man born under the reign of George III and Lord Eldon must wish himself young again, that he might try his luck in that equally favoured and less burdened land?



THE HARBOUR OF NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



VIEW OF VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

When there are such openings before the youth of this day, we will confess that we have little patience with the numerous gentry who are daily appealing to our purses or our interest for some narrow ledge of standing room in this crowded little island. Here is a letter asking for our interest to procure a place in the Post-office, or 2s. a-week more for a youth already placed there, or a lift at the Admiralty, or some nice little corporation job, or a nomination to some very indifferent free school, or a naval cadetship, or a small living in the gift of the Chancellor. To all these people, elder or younger, lay or cleric, whatever they are, we are tempted to reply, "Do, pray, try a new and open country. We do not mean you to plunge into the desert, to drain swamps, to cut down forests, to fight with savages, to hunt wild beasts. Of course, we do not wish you to go out of the British pale. But here is a fair country, of much the same latitude as ours, and, being on the western coast of the continent, nearly the same climate. It abounds with every natural and material wealth. It enjoys law and order. There you will find elbow-room, a fair field, and no favour. No doubt you will see there, as here, the dark side of human nature as well as the bright side, but you cannot find worse men there than here, or be more exposed to injustice, fraud, and other social wrongs. So go to British Columbia, and be a free man, instead of a mendicant. There you can make your own fortune. You will find it in all respects pleasanter to have made it yourself than to owe it to another; and should you succeed, and go through the usual phases of human happiness, you will leave behind you a family of independent colonists, instead of another brood of beggars."

The Court.

The Queen was expected to arrive at Coburg from Rheinhardtbrunn on Saturday. The circle of the royal family is now somewhat diminished in number, as, besides the departure of Prince Alfred and the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse took leave of her Majesty.

The *Court Journal* says:—"Her Majesty is expected to arrive in England on the 15th instant. The Queen, on her return, will take up her residence at Osborne, where her Majesty will remain until after the 9th of November. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will join her Majesty at Osborne, and will spend his birthday with her Majesty at Osborne in comparative seclusion."

It is rumoured (says the *United Service Gazette*) that the Ranger-ship of Greenwich Park, vacant by the death of Earl Canning, is to be conferred on his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The ranger's house is being fitted up for the residence of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur.

The following is a letter, dated Dresden, Sept. 29:—

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales attended divine service in the Reformed Church at Dresden yesterday morning, and afterwards, accompanied by the King of Saxony, the Crown Prince, and Prince George, visited the Königstein Fortress, and then dined with the royal family at Pillnitz. His royal highness remained for the night at the latter place, and to-day, with the King and Prince, hunted in the park at Moritzburg."

A FEDERAL NAVAL OFFICER CASHIERED.

COMMANDER PREBLE, of the blockading squadron at Mobile, having allowed the Confederate gunboat *Oreto*, alias the *Florida*, to pass into that port, had been dismissed the service in accordance with the following order:—

GENERAL ORDER.

"Navy Department, Sept. 20.

"Commander George Henry Preble, senior officer in command of the blockading force off Mobile, having been guilty of neglect of duty in permitting the armed steamer *Oreto* to run the blockade, thereby not only disregarding Article 3, section 10, of the Articles of War (which requires an officer to do his utmost to overtake and capture or destroy every vessel which it is his duty to encounter), but omitting the plainest ordinary duty committed to an officer, is, by order of the President, dismissed from the naval service from this date. The commander of each vessel of war, on the day after the receipt of this published general order, will cause it to be read on the quarter-deck at general muster, together with the accompanying reports, and enter both upon the vessel's log.

"GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy."

The following despatches respecting the *Oreto* had been published:—

"United States' steam-sloop *Oneida*, off Mobile, Sept. 4.

"Sir,—I regret to inform you that a three-masted screw steamer, wearing the English red ensign and pendant, and carrying four quarter boats and a battery of eight broadside guns, one or two pivots, and having every appearance of an English man-of-war, ran the blockade this afternoon under the following circumstances:—I had sent the *Winona* to the windward to speak a schooner standing in under sail. The smoke of a steamer was discovered about S.E., and standing directly for us. Observing she was burning black smoke, I immediately got under way and stood towards her, signalling to the *Winona* to chase at discretion. We soon neared the stranger in company with the *Winona*, who, as she approached, gradually hauled to the windward. When abreast of him, about 100 yards distant, I hailed him, but received no answer. I then fired a shot across his bows. He still ranged ahead without stopping, but, still thinking him an English man-of-war, I fired two more shots across his bow, and then directed a shot at him, which went over, between his fore and mainmast. He soon hauled down his flag and trained his guns to bear on us, but, having no flag to fight under, was afraid to fire. We continued firing at him assisted by the *Winona* and one of the mortar schooners, but he made sail and by his superior speed and unparalleled audacity managed to escape us. We sent our shot all around and over him, and are certain that several of our shell and the *Winona*'s struck him.

"With great mortification, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE HENRY PREBLE, Commander.
Rear Admiral D. G. Farragut, commanding West Gulf Blockading Squadron."

"Flag-ship *Hartford*, Pensacola Bay, Sept. 8.

"Sir,—I regret to be compelled again to make another mortifying acknowledgment of apparent neglect—viz., the running of the blockade at Mobile by a ten-gun gunboat, supposed to be 'Laird's gunboat,' Captain Bullock. You will perceive, however, from Captain Preble's report, herewith enclosed, that there was no want of vigilance. They saw her in good time, but failed to sink her or capture her. Why Captain Preble did not fire into her after she failed to stop or answer his hail, I cannot imagine. The commander of the *Rachel Seaman* says, and I believe they all admit, that there never was a finer opportunity for stopping a vessel until she passed them. Then, however, when it was too late, they commenced firing, the *Oneida* first, the *Winona* next, and the *Rachel Seaman* last.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT, Rear Admiral, commanding West Gulf Blockading Squadron.

"Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy."

IMPORTING tea not covered with colour prevents the Chinese passing off inferior leaves, hence Horniman's tea is the purest, cheapest, and best. Sold by 22,800 agents.

REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY.

RUPERT THE FUGITIVE; OR, THE WILL-FORGER.

Illustrated by GILBERT.

GEORGE BARRINGTON. Illustrated by THWAITES.

THE SHINGAWN. Illustrated by THWAITES.

These Three most Popular Tales are now appearing every week in REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY, the Cheapest and Best Publication in the World. One Penny Weekly; Sixpence Monthly. London: J. Dicks, 25, Wellington-street, Strand, and all Booksellers.

THE PICTORIAL COMPANION

TO THE

GREAT EXHIBITION

CONTAINS

SIXTEEN LARGE FOLIO PAGES, AND SIXTEEN ENGRAVINGS

OF

ALL THE OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE EXHIBITION,

AND IS

A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE BUILDING,

AND SIGHTS OF LONDON.

EVERY VISITOR SHOULD PURCHASE A COPY

ONE PENNY.

To be had at all Railway-stations, Book-stalls, Booksellers, and Newsmen.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.		L. B.
			A. M.	P. M.	
11	a	Old Michaelmas Day	3 45	4 0	
12	s	17th Sunday after Trinity	4 15	4 35	
13	m	Fire Insurance due	4 50	5 10	
14	t	5 25	5 45	
15	w	6 5	6 30	
16	t	6 58	7 30	
17	f	8 5	8 45	

MOON'S CHANGES.—15—Last quarter, 11.42 p.m.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

Morning.

12.—Ezekiel 14; Mark 15.

Evening.

12.—Ezekiel 18; 2. Corinthians 11.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARIA LOUISA.—The marriage of the father and mother of the child subsequently to its birth will not legitimise the child.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.—Madame Pasta performed in operas at Her Majesty's Theatre as late as 1833.

F. A. R.—You are bound to pay for the support of the child under the order of affiliation, until it attains the age of eleven years, or the marriage of the mother.

A. R.—The Marquis of Rockingham won the first St. Leger.

ANDOVER.—The deposit of the title deeds with a letter or other memorandum of the object for which they are so deposited, will operate as a sufficient equitable mortgage to secure money lent in the event of the bankruptcy or insolvency of the borrower.

TERFITE.—Vultigeur was ridden by Flatman in the celebrated Dutchman match.

A COLLECTOR OF COINS.—Clipping or otherwise defacing the coin of the realm is an indictable offence, for which the offender may be committed to the House of Correction.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.—The yearly consumption of hops is understood to exceed by two sevenths of the whole of the home consumption of tobacco.

A MERCANTILE CLERK.—Huntton, a Quaker, was hanged at the Old Bailey, for forgery, on the 12th of December, 1828. Two other criminals were executed at the same time.

AN ADMIRER OF THE DRAMA.—Prince Hoare, the dramatic writer, died at Brighton in December, 1834. He was then in his eightieth year.

A GENTLEMAN'S SERVANT.—All the inferior places about the House of Commons are in the gift of the Speaker.

A SPORTSMAN.—Mr. Keogh, at the wish of the Inland Revenue Commissioners, at Somerset House, decided in 1854 that the owner of a steep-chase horse was not liable to be assessed for race-horse duty. It was in reply to a "case" put from Grantham.

X. Y. Z.—Daniel Good was executed at Newgate, May 23, 1852.

JOCKEY.—West Australian is the only animal that ever won the three events, Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and Leger.

A CHURCHMAN.—The word "choir" is pronounced "quire," and by old writers is frequently spelt so.

A. M.—If you have received your rent quarterly, you are entitled to a clear quarter's notice.

H.—Vultigeur and the Flying Dutchman ran for the Doncaster Cup of 1850. The former won by half a length, and carried 7st. 7lb., while the latter carried 8st. 12lb.

A. M.—The Newport riots, in which John Frost was concerned, occurred on the 4th of November, 1839.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1862.

THE decree of amnesty which has been daily expected to make its appearance in the official *Gazette* of the Italian Government will excite as little surprise as admiration. An amnesty is sometimes an act of state policy and sometimes of royal clemency; in the present case it will be interpreted as neither the one nor the other so much as an act of plain necessity. It comes too soon to be politic, too late to be generous. From the first it was inevitable. Of all the forms of trial to which Garibaldi and his followers could be liable, it was difficult to say which would be the most injurious, if not the most impossible. Was Garibaldi to be tried, as a mutineer, by court-martial; or, as a rebel against his sovereign, by a high court of justice? As a mutineer, the severest penalty must have followed, a sentence calculated to affect the discipline of the entire army. As a rebel against the King's authority? Such a charge must have resulted in a triumphal acquittal, perhaps in counter-charges from their very vagueness all the more dangerous and difficult to rebut. It may be assumed, then, that an amnesty was determined in principle three weeks since; but that the Italian Government considered it becoming its dignity to enter upon the preliminary formalities of a trial in order to save appearances, to wear a look of cold and stern deliberation, and indifference to popular impulse or public clamour. If we are not misrepresenting the purpose of the Cabinet of Turin, we humbly conceive that it has committed a sore mistake. All its adversaries—and their name is legion—will loudly assert that it was only when the requisite tribunal was not to be found that the trial was definitely abandoned. Nor, we apprehend, will M. Ratazzi obtain all the credit he may deserve for desiring to spare a wounded patriot the indignity of seeing his pure name included in the list of the "pardoned" beneficiaries of a royal wedding. A veteran diplomatist was wont to warn his young disciples against indulging first instincts; "because," he said, "they are generally good." The

first instincts of at least a section of M. Ratazzi's Cabinet were of this nature; and it is regretted in the interest of a Government that has no reputation to lose that they were not followed at a somewhat earlier date. Had the amnesty been a personal act of royal grace, as the King's most intimate counsellors would have desired, the royal prerogative might have gained in honour and strength. On the other hand, the King's name had been already too freely used, and M. Ratazzi will scarcely be blamed in England for insisting on the rights of Ministerial responsibility. How Garibaldi himself will receive this amnesty for his wounds, whether as an apology or a reluctant homage, matters less than to know that the amnesty could bestow upon him more entirely or more securely, as he lies apart in silent meditation on his couch at Varignano, the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, as is well known, made his first public appearance as a constructor of British rifled ordnance under the auspices of Lord Derby's Administration. So far as experiment had then gone it really did seem that Sir William's system of breech-loading and lead-jacketing was perfectly efficient; moreover, the idea of war ships with sides of iron armature was in its infancy: hence the requisitions of a piece of heavy ordnance were not then what they have since become. We mention these facts as a preliminary to the statement that no Government, alive to the importance of an efficient national artillery, could have ignored the evidence adduced by Mr. Armstrong in favour of his system. The application of science involves no sinecure; it is incompatible with favouritism, irrespective of ability. We have a great respect for the general scientific knowledge of Sir William Armstrong. We yield to none in conceding to him merit for the untiring energy he has brought to bear in endeavouring to furnish the sort of gun the modern exigencies of warfare require; but, admitting this, we say the time has arrived for moderating the pretensions that were once prevalent in respect to all and every Armstrong gun. To effect entire confidence in the Armstrong system would be the first step towards leading the nation into further expenditure in a branch of manufacture that has already involved too much. We speak very plainly, as is our duty. We want England to have efficient heavy naval artillery; and England, despite over four millions spent in experiments, has none. The fact will be remembered that towards the close of the past session a select committee examined and reported on the Armstrong guns. We are able to state that the conclusions arrived at were not encouraging, and subsequent to the report various points of evidence were adduced still more unfavourable. The experiments lately conducted at Shoeburyness were twofold. One series comprehended trials of a solid round shot discharged from the Mersey unrifled gun; the other trials with flat-headed hardened shells, fired from Whitworth's rifled ordnance. Doubtless, the second series is the one of major interest. As concerns the Mersey gun, it is far too heavy and cumbersome to answer the purpose of a naval gun for general purposes, even supposing it wholly trustworthy—a point which remains to be determined. The penetration effected by the flat-headed bolts used by Mr. Whitworth was very satisfactory, but the result by no means enhances the merits of the gun from which they were fired. Flat-headed hardened bolts can be fired from most rifled guns; perhaps all those the projectiles of which are not lead-covered. We are particular in stating that a contemporary, the *Times*, advises Mr. Whitworth and Sir William to amalgamate their interests and systems. If it is argued, Sir William would only adopt the hexagonal system of Mr. Whitworth, and Mr. Whitworth the breech-opening and coil process of Sir William, then, says our contemporary, we should have something like a gun. For our part we see in this recommendation indications of not so much a pretty gun as a pretty job. That flat-headed rifle shells, similar to those which did such execution at Shoeburyness a short time since, are known—have long been known—to the French, we have already indicated. A still more important fact is this—the broadside rifled guns from which the French discharge these missiles so effectively are nothing else than old 32-pounder smooth bores, strengthened by external jackets and rifled. This country possesses an enormous store of 32-pounders, thrown aside as useless lumber. We might have strengthened them as the French have strengthened theirs, and rifled them in some competent manner, even hexagonally, if there be any particular merit in that system, which we are far from conceding. We wanted to do better than our neighbours. Their altered guns were mere muzzle-loaders, ours must be breech-loaders, and well would it have been had we succeeded. In its application to heavy naval ordnance no breech-loading device has yet succeeded: rather, one and all have failed.

AN IMPERIAL EXCURSION.

THE Emperor, the Empress of the French, and thirty persons of their suite, left the Villa Eugenie to make an excursion to the mountain of La Rhune. M. Dihursubehere, who resides in the neighbourhood, had been requested to organise everything that was necessary to facilitate the ascent, and he accordingly met the imperial party at Sare, at three o'clock. Their Majesties found in readiness for them twelve well-caparisoned mules for the use of the Emperor and the ladies of her suite, and twenty-four saddle-horses for the Emperor and the gentlemen who accompanied him. Before leaving for the ascent, their Majesties partook of refreshments offered to them by the four daughters of M. Dihursubehere. Nothing could be more picturesque than this numerous party proceeding along the sides of the mountain, with thirty fine young men acting as guides. The travellers were delighted with the fine views which constantly presented themselves. The summit of the mountain was reached at five, and after a short halt the descent took place, their Majesties and those who accompanied them halting on the plateau of the Petite-Rhune, after which the remainder of the excursion was got over by torchlight. Two bonfires were lighted on the heights, and the party arrived at the village of Sare about seven. The houses were all illuminated, and their Majesties were greeted with loud acclamations. While the Emperor was addressing questions to the authorities about the wants of the country, the Empress and the ladies of her suite rested for a short time at the house of M. Goyette, the deputy-mayor, where refreshments were offered them. Their Majesties afterwards entered their carriages at half-past eight, and reached the villa about eleven.—*Galvani*.

ALWAYS IN MISCHIEF.—On the evening of Sunday week a congregation in the neighbourhood of Whitty, were suddenly, and as if by magic, plunged into total darkness. The cause was that crinoline had just entered; a lady's dress caught in the key of the gas meter, the lady dragged the crinoline, the crinoline dragged the key, and light was locked out.

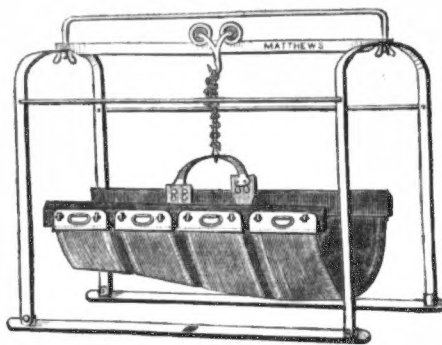
THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The following letter from Washington, dated September 19, gives a graphic description of a visit to an American hospital:—

"People may have read full accounts of this war, from the firing on Fort Sumter to the invasion of Maryland; accounts of death on the long march, on the fetid morass, in the sickly camp, and on the red field of battle; but it is neither the inspired pen nor the eloquent voice that can make them realize in full the horrors of this bloody struggle. It is to the hospitals, teeming and choking with their many occupants, that they must go before they can say 'war is hellish; war is diabolical.' There is a shed, dignified with the name of hospital, in Georgetown, the interior of which reminds you more of the cattle pens in Copenhagen-fields than a sanitary building in a civilized country. Here, in one room, are upwards of sixty beds, so close to one another that the nurses can scarce move about without striking the couch of some poor sufferer to whom the slightest touch is agony, and even the vibration of the floor is pain. Badly lit, badly ventilated, the atmosphere humid, stagnant, and reeking with disease. Is this a place in which a man with only a slight wound can speedily recover, or in which one badly hurt, though not fatally, will not die? The doctors and the small staff of nurses do their best; but it is next to impossible to battle successfully against sickness in such an overcrowded, dismal den. Here, on the first bed, with a coverlet over him which might have been clean fourteen days ago, is a young man desperately wounded. A piece of his skull the size of a half a crown lies on the battle-field of Manassas. There is a ball in his right thigh, and his left leg was amputated in the morning. Does he groan? No; the brave heart saps the pain, and the utterance knows it not. 'Have we whipped them out of Maryland yet?' he asks, with a feeble smile. Opposite to me I see a broken-hearted mother weeping silently over the yet warm corpse of her son. For days past he had been yearning to see her, momentarily expected her, and she has but just arrived, and he died ten minutes since. There, under the influence of an opiate, sleeps a youth on whose pallid countenance lurks no suspicion of a beard. On the next bed a boy, still in his teens, moves in an uneasy sleep. 'The prairie! the wide prairie!' he utters. Poor fellow. Doubtless he dreams of his far Western home, his youthful sports, his parents, and the pleasant days of the long ago. I pass on. Groaning piteously, a short distance up, lies the skeleton of a once robust frame. He is dying by inches. Ten days, he tells me, he lay on the battle-field, almost glued to the earth by his own blood. He got grains of food and draughts of fluid, but what they were and who gave them to him he does not know. Sight left him on the sixth day. 'Take off my boot,' he moans, 'it burns me so.' Delusion. There is no covering on his foot. But it is fiery red, and on the heel, there is a round black spot. Half an hour later, when I passed his bed, the toil-worn body lay stiff and stark, and the immortal soul, released, had fled to futurity. In the midst of so much misery, happy are they whose mercurial temperament enables them to make light of their present troubles and salute you with a joke instead of a groan. I stand at the foot of a bed in which reposes a Maine man. My coat almost touches the ropes that suspend the splinters in which rests his shattered leg. 'Get away, or I'll kick you,' he laughs. The invalid next him has a pot of honey brought him by some visitor, to which he is paying his respects. 'I'd advise you to hide that bees'-juice, or I'm bound to get up in the night and steal it.'—'What's out at Grover's to-night? I want to go.' This from a man with a ball through his right lung, another in his hip, and in hourly expectation of having his leg amputated! Here is a poor fellow who had a hemorrhage this morning, lying weak and exhausted. 'Give him some strong beef tea at once,' orders the doctor. But the cook has no beef, and refers the nurse to the steward. The steward has none either, and it is two hours before the patient obtains the nutriment, which, if administered sooner, might have saved his life. At the further end of the dimly-lighted room a hero from Sumner's division lies a-dying. Lower and lower ebb the vital spark. Painter and fainter comes the last departing breath. Mutely, with fixed and earnest eyes, he appeals to heaven, strives with painful effort to catch a stronger breath, with which he may articulate some word yearning to be borne, fails in the endeavor, and expires. And, as I pass out into the cool refreshing air of a September night, and look down at the dead-body by the water-side, the moon, penetrating into obscure corners, shows again his ghastly face. Oh, pomp and circumstance of glorious war! This poor man had been sighing after glory. To earn it he left his home, his wife, his child, to battle against insidious disease and an implacable foe; and, after eighteen months of hard service in Virginian swamps a leaden bullet sends him to a reeking pest-house, and there he dies, unknown to his friends, his name scarce noted in the physician's book, and, enclosed in four deal boards, he occupies a piece of freehold six feet by two. And this is war's reward! This is glory!"

CONVICTION AT YORK UNDER THE NEW GAME ACT.—On Saturday, at York, before G. Lloyd, L. Thompson, and G. Agar, Esq., three North Riding magistrates, James Kidd was summoned for having had unlawfully in his possession sixteen partridges and two nets. At half-past six o'clock on the previous Friday morning two policemen, named Hyder and Eden, were on duty on the Malton-road, about a mile from York, when they stopped the defendant, and took from him the partridges and nets. He did not give any account as to how they had come into his possession, and he was not asked. Mr. Breary, who appeared for the defendant, submitted that there was not a title of evidence to support the charge, nor to show how the birds had come into the possession of his client. The magistrates fined Kidd £5, including the costs, ordered the nets to be destroyed, and directed that the partridges should be sold and the proceeds paid to the clerk to the justices. The fine was paid, but notice of appeal against the decision was given.

THE LOSS OF THE GOLDEN GATE.—A cloudless sky; a summer afternoon; the tropical sea spreading on one side with hardly an undulation, and on the other marking with a thin line of white foam the Mexican shore—these were scarcely the circumstances for a great disaster upon the waters. Yet amid such was the California steamer Golden Gate lost in July last, with more than two hundred souls. We are accustomed to connect a tragedy so appalling with the terrors of the tempest, or the night. We can understand an end like that ascribed to the President, where the ship rushes blindly on, in gloom and storm, to crash upon the iceberg; and is whelmed with all on board before they have clearly comprehended their danger. Sad, too, but not startling, is the fate of the vessel caught in the cyclone, and buried with her crew in the seething billows. Or, if fire be the devouring element, it is far out at sea that we expect the conflagration to be fatal—where the bitter choice is between the blazing timbers and the desolate main. But in this last and great maritime disaster, the usual concomitants of such a one are absent. There was no storm nor gloom; the sea was in its pleasant mood; the daylight was still brilliant in the west, and the shore of Mexico lay only four miles distant from the steamer's quarter. It would have seemed a fable to those on board to hint that any catastrophe so sudden and so hopeless could seize the ship as to render a stranded and blackened wreck in less than half an hour. But the captain's narrative informs us that at a quarter to five dinner was served up to the passengers in the saloon, nothing seeming amiss; and at a quarter past five the Golden Gate lay on the beach near Manzanilla, with nothing left of her but the twisted machinery of her engine room and the ironwork of her paddles; 204 souls out of 338 having also perished in that brief half-hour. On account, therefore, of the singularity of the occurrence, as well as for the warning to be gleaned from all such signal calamities, the narrative of the Golden Gate is worth preserving.—*The Echoquer.*



GARIBALDI'S LEG CRADLE

It will be in the recollection of our readers that it was urgently requested that a cradle on the improved principle might be sent from London for Garibaldi's use with all speed. Through the kindness of Mr. Matthews, the surgical instrument maker to King's College Hospital, in Portugal-street, we are enabled to give the accompanying diagram of their patent cradle that was at once despatched for the hero's use.

GARIBALDI.

The illustration in pages 8 and 9 represents Professor Partridge at the sick couch of Garibaldi, the English surgeon having been sent by the English people at an expense of £700, to give his professional advice to the wounded hero. The portraits of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi are life-like, and the others represent certain events in the adventurous life of the Italian patriot, who is as skillful a sailor as he is a soldier. The reader is also presented with portraits of his first wife Anita, and his sons, one of whom, the gallant Menotti, was wounded at Aspromonte, a view of which place is also included in our Garibaldian group. The followers of Garibaldi, and the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel occupy opposite niches of the sketch; and the great victory gained by Garibaldi over the King of Naples' troops on the Volturno is likewise included therein.

Garibaldi has been twice married; his first marriage was a happy one, his second the contrary. Anita, the mother of Garibaldi's children, was devoted to her husband; she shared the hardships he endured, and often accompanied him on the battle plains that witnessed his prowess in South America. His second wife is still living, but on the morning after the marriage Garibaldi, for private and particular reasons, separated for ever from the young lady he had espoused. She is the daughter of one of the wealthiest of Italian noblemen.

During his sojourn in South America, Garibaldi distinguished himself greatly in the naval service of one of its republics, displaying every quality for making as eminent an admiral as he is a general.

When the revolution of 1848, in Rome, drove the Pope from that city, and erected a republic in his place, Garibaldi became the commander-in-chief of the Roman patriotic army, and, as such, he defeated the French army under Oudinot, sent from France to overthrow the newly-founded republic. Ultimately, however, the city surrendered, and Garibaldi shortly afterwards became captain in a merchant ship trading between England and America. He resided some time at New York, and, whilst there engaged in several commercial enterprises. Returning to Europe short y before the war broke forth between France and Austria, he raised a sort of guerilla army that was more than a match for the thoroughly organized and disciplined troops of Austria whenever Garibaldi met them in battle.

Since then, Garibaldi has conquered Naples and Sicily, and presented them to Victor Emmanuel.

Our readers have been fully instructed of the particulars in the disastrous affair of Aspromonte, when Garibaldi, having raised the cry of "Rome or Death," was mercilessly shot down by the troops of Victor Emmanuel, that it would be superfluous to dwell further thereon. An amnesty has recently been proclaimed by the King, which comprises Garibaldi. His state of health, however, we regret to say, is by no means satisfactory.

A Turin letter, of October 2, again gives news of Garibaldi likely to increase anxiety. It states that his doctors disagree as to whether the ball is in the foot—MM. Palasciano, Cipriani, and Riboll agreeing with Dr. Bertant that the ball is there; they fear that when the suppuration is over abscesses will successively form higher and higher up the limb, and that a decomposition of blood likely to ensue would make amputation too late. Drs. Ripari, Prandina, Basile, and Albanese, also M. Porta, professor of Bologna, and M. Zanetti, professor of Florence (the latter, however, with considerable doubt), agree with Mr. Partridge that the ball is not in the wound.

The above is a brief sketch of some events in the eventful life of that great man, whose name, associated with every virtue, has never been sullied by the commission of a single crime.

The centre of our magnificent Garibaldian engraving of pages 8 and 9 represents Dr. Partridge at the sick bed of Garibaldi. No. 2 is a medallion portrait of the hero. No. 3, the same of Victor Emmanuel. Nos. 4 and 5 are portraits of his eldest son and first wife. No. 6 represents Garibaldi shipwrecked on the South American coast. No. 7 is a Garibaldian. No. 8 is a Piedmontese soldier. No. 9 represents Garibaldi's vision of "Rome or death;" 10 shows him on the battle-field of the Volturno; 11 brings us back to the days of Garibaldi's infancy, and No. 12 shows him combatting the Austrians in Italy.

SHOCKING MURDER IN FRANCE.—A frightful triple murder has just thrown the neighbourhood of Fos (France) into a state of consternation. Two Spanish workmen arrived a few days ago in the above-mentioned village, and took up their residence at an inn kept by a man named Leatuaud. A neighbour, temporarily driven from his own house by repairs going on there, also slept at the inn on that night, in addition to the wife and child of Leatuaud. About three in the morning the two men got up and called the landlord, and on his appearing stabbed him several times in the breast, and to make sure of their object, cut his throat from ear to ear. The wife of Leatuaud hearing the noise, hastened to the assistance of her husband, and immediately shared his fate. Lastly, the child, who had followed its mother in its night-dress, was seized at the foot of the staircase and its head cut off. The neighbour, who had become aware of the horrible carnage which was going on, and knowing that his death was certain if he appeared, leaped from the first-floor window, and hastened to give the alarm. Some courageous men repaired to the scene of the crime, and arrived while the murderers were occupied in plundering the house; one was arrested after a short struggle, but the other made his escape by a back door. The description of the latter has been forwarded in all directions, and it is hoped that he will soon be in the hands of justice.—*Galignani.*

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF HOUSEBREAKING IN SHEFFIELD, AND PROMPT CAPTURE OF THE ROBBERS.

One of the most daring and well-planned robberies that had recently occurred was committed in Sheffield on Saturday, and was followed by a most fortunate and clever capture of the robbers. The scene of the robbery was in Tomcross-lane, at the house of a retired tradesman named Foster. It seems that next to his house is one inhabited by an elderly couple named Taylor, and their eldest son resides about 150 yards away, in the same street. The young man, who is a well-known thief, celebrated for one or two daring escapes from the police, had concocted a scheme to rob Mr. Foster's house, and he enlisted the services of a clever confederate named Joseph Drabble, alias "Miser." Having ascertained that Mr. Foster was away from home, and watched Mrs. Foster out of the house on her way to market, Drabble went to Mrs. Taylor, and inquired for the residence of her son. He was dressed in a fashionable suit, and carried a roll of paper in his hand. In reply to Mrs. Taylor's inquiry, he said he was an architect, and had been drawing plans for some houses, which he required her son's assistance to complete. Mrs. Taylor pointed out her son's house, but the architect urged her to go with him "to guard against mistake," and the old lady went with him. It should be here stated that her house is the only one from which the Fosters' house can be overlooked, and the coast being cleared, young Taylor, who had been on the watch, went to the back of the premises, and opened the door with a skeleton-key. It was known that Mr. Foster generally kept a considerable sum of money in the house and a quantity of silver plate, and Taylor burst open several drawers and desks in search of the hoped-for booty. He found a heavy metal box, like a cash-box, and seems to have made up his mind that the treasure was within, for he began to tie up the box in a large handkerchief. Up to this moment all had gone well with the dexterous thief, but his success was short-lived. Mrs. Foster had returned from market much sooner than usual, and was surprised to find the house door open. She went into the parlour, and saw Mr. Taylor, jun., with whom she was acquainted, in the act of wrapping up the box, as before described. The thief, with great presence of mind, exclaimed, "Oh! Mrs. Foster, there's been two robbers in your house!" The old lady nearly fainted on receiving the intelligence, and Taylor, watchful for the opportunity, bolted from the house. An alarm was instantly given, and detectives Airey and Leonard went to the house. They went to Taylor's house in search of him, and there was astonished at finding in the well-dressed "architect" a very old acquaintance. Suspecting his complicity with Taylor, they instantly took him to the Town-hall. One of the officers recollected having seen their prisoner in a notorious "thieves' kitchen" in Spring-street, and thither they posted in all haste, and were just in time to secure Taylor, who was exhausted with the speed at which he had bolted from the scene of the robbery. It seems he had put a pair of Mr. Foster's boots in his pocket, and on reaching his place of refuge he gave them to the landlady to conceal. She attempted to do so, but was detected by the officers, and removed to the Town-hall in company with Taylor on a charge of receiving stolen property. The robbery was committed at noon, and the confederates were in custody in less than half an hour from the time the alarm was given. The only fruits of the robbery were the boots before mentioned. Each of the prisoners had a bunch of skeleton keys in his possession, and at the house in Spring-street was found a powerful "jemmy" belonging to Drabble.

A SAVAGE SON ATTEMPTING TO BITE OFF HIS FATHER'S NOSE.

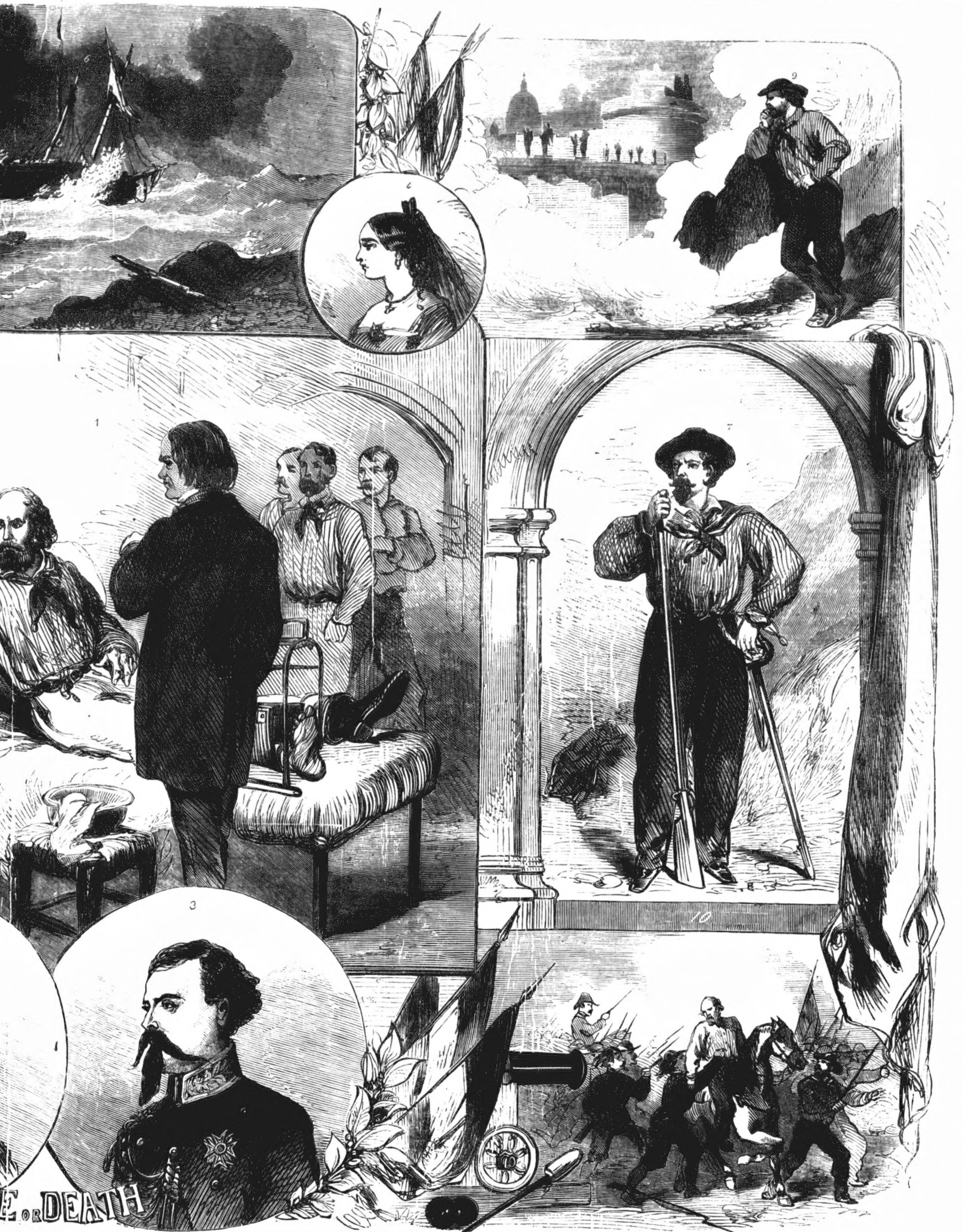
At the Clerkenwell Police-court, Henry Morris, a strong-looking young man, 22 years of age, was charged with violently assaulting George Morris, a brazier, residing at 24, Salisbury-crescent, Somers-town, and attempting to bite off his nose. Mr. Thomas Wakeling, solicitor, attended for the complainant. The complainant, who appeared in the witness-box with his face scratched and two marks on his nose, stated that in consequence of the defendant's disorderly conduct he had forbidden him his house. On Monday night he went home from work, and the defendant began abusing him. After some words, they both left the house, and on his return some hours afterwards the defendant assaulted him. He told the defendant that he would run the knife he had in his hand into him if he did not desist, but the defendant still continued his abuse, closed with him, and threw him with great force on the ground. Whilst he was on the ground the defendant got on top of him, and threw him and endeavoured to bite off his (the father's) nose. He now felt great pain from the effects of the bite, and he had no doubt if the defendant had not been pulled off of him he would have bitten off his (the father's) nose. The defendant said he did not wish to hurt his father; but he was compelled to do what he had in consequence of his father having first assaulted him. Mr. D'Eyncourt said it was very disgraceful assault, and sentenced the prisoner to pay a fine of 40s., or in default of payment one month's hard labour in the House of Correction. The defendant, who said he had no money, was locked up in default.

A SUDDEN TEMPTATION.

At the Wandsworth Police-court, on Tuesday, Ann Carter, a respectable young married woman, who carried an infant in her arms, living in Plummer-street, City-road, was brought before Mr. Ingham, on remand, charged with stealing a brooch belonging to Catherine Dudman, a servant at the Feathers public-house, Water-side, Wandsworth. The prisoner, who has been in custody a fortnight, accompanied her husband and two others, one being a female, in a boat up the river on Sunday, the 21st of September. They landed at the Feathers, and the two females afterwards expressed a desire to wash their hands. The servant, Catherine Dudman, showed them up to her bedroom, and left them there. After they had gone by the boat she missed her brooch which she had seen safe in her room ten minutes before the prisoner and her companion entered. She gave information of her loss, and Police-constable Leckie followed them to town and stopped them as they landed from the boat at Strand-lane. He requested to have the females searched, but the other refused, the prisoner making no observation. They were taken to Bow-street Police-station, and in the passage the constable saw the prisoner drop the brooch from under her cape. He then said, "Here's the brooch, you have dropped it;" and while in the charge-room she admitted taking it. The prisoner and her companion were afterwards taken to Wandsworth, and charged with the robbery, but when they were examined on the following day Mr. Ingham discharged the other, as it was proved that she knew nothing whatever of the brooch, and bore a respectable character, and remanded the prisoner till the ensuing Tuesday week. When she was examined on the second occasion, the constable stated that he had made inquiries about her and her husband, and could not find anything against their character. The aunt of the prisoner came forward, and said she never knew anything against her niece before, and she was surprised that she should have taken the brooch. Mr. Ingham said that it was a very sad thing, but as there was no prosecutrix he would let her go this time. He did not know whether he was doing right, but if she was ever brought to a police-court again she would not be dealt with so leniently. The aunt said she hoped it would be a warning to the prisoner. If it occurred again she would have nothing to do with her. The prisoner, who had been crying bitterly, then left the court with her friends.



DR. PARTRIDGE'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE ITALIAN HERO, GARIBALDI WITH SCENE



E. OR DEATH

WITH SCENES AND PORTRAITS CONNECTED WITH HIS EXTRAORDINARY LIFE. (See page 7.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

THE theatres and concert-rooms (West-end especially) are reaping a rich harvest; night after night every nook and corner is crowded. Managers will recollect with pleasure and satisfaction the International Exhibition of 1862. Change of performances appears quite unnecessary. The same operas, the same entertainments generally keep their places on the bills week after week. It is quite a novelty to see a change of any kind. The Pyne and Harrison English company carry everything before them at the splendid theatre, Covent Garden; while *Lord Dundreary*, at the Haymarket, "Peep o' Day," at the Lyceum; the "Green Bushes," and "Henry VIII," at the Adelphi and Princess's, nightly turn money away.

SURREY.—This theatre re-opened on Saturday last, under the sole management of Mr. Shepherd. During the five days that have elapsed since the retirement of Mr. Creswick, the theatre has been re-decorated, and a new act drop from the magic brushes of Messrs. Telbin and Grieve, adds to the effect of the new panelling, modelling, and painting with which this spacious dramatic arena has been re-embellished. "The Medal of Bronze," the title of the first piece, taken from the French, abounds with scenic effects, military processions, and the magnificence of feudal pageantry. It is in the highest degree "sensational" from beginning to end, and a crowded audience applauded it rapturously and enthusiastically. Mr. Shepherd, on his appearance, met with a marked demonstration of recognition, and Mr. Basil Potter was warmly welcomed to the scenes of former successes. Mr. Frederic Robinson, who has transferred his allegiance to the Surrey, made a most favourable impression; and a similar degree of favour was shown to Mr. Price. Mr. Voltaire acted with his usual ability, and Miss Georgina Pauncefort evinced great melodramatic powers. The beautiful scenery is by Messrs. Charles Brew and Johnson, and the magnificent costumes by Mr. May, who has equipped two troops of royal guards in armour. The mounting of the drama, the arrangement of the processions, the frequent combats of partisans, and the grouping of the characters, are highly creditable to the taste of the manager. After the drama, a looking-glass curtain was exhibited. A ballet, executed by those admirable danseuses, the Misses Morgan, and a well-appointed corps, took place before the sheet of silver, and a singular and novel effect was produced, from the fact of seeing every twirl, pirouette, and attitude, as it were, "doubled" in the mirror. In fact, there appeared to be two Surrey Theatres, six Misses Morgans, and ladies of the ballet innumerable. A new farce closed the entertainments.

Numerous rumours have been reported as to the future lessee of Astley's Amphitheatre; but it is now stated, without doubt, that Mr. Boucicault has taken the house for three years. We understand that it is this gentleman's intention to reconstruct and refit the audience part of the house, on the American principle, and to considerably enlarge the stage. As the new Westminster-bridge has brought the famous circus theatre in the immediate neighbourhood of the park and Parliament-street, the new manager will have an excellent opportunity of inaugurating the improvements in West-end theatres suggested in his letter to the *Times*.

Mr. Nelson Lee commences his winter campaign at the City of London on Saturday, the 18th inst. The company will include many of the old favourites of the establishment, among whom we may name Miss Clifton, Miss L. Purvis, Mr. Gomersall, and Mr. J. F. Young, to the latter of whom the stage management has been entrusted. Mr. G. V. Brooke has been engaged for a short period, and will appear on the opening night.

Mr. Planche writes the Christmas burlesque for the Haymarket this year. It will be illustrated by the pencil of Mr. Telbin, who will especially set forth the scenery of the Holy Land, on which the Prince of Wales, in his late tour, gazed with so much reverential interest.

AN ANTI-GARIBALDIAN ROW.

At Bow-street Police-court, on Tuesday, three Irishmen, named Brown, Wallis, and Hennessey, were charged with creating a disturbance in a public-house in Broad-street, St. Giles's and assaulting the police. Hennessey was further charged with stabbing Policeman Dray, 106 F. The prisoners, who had been attending with a numerous party of their friends at Marlborough-street to hear the examination of the Hyde park rioters, returned to St. Giles's in the afternoon, and created a disturbance in the public-house above-mentioned, calling the other persons present "Garibaldians," and challenging all comers to fight. The landlord refused to serve them, and ordered them out of the house. As they refused to leave, he called in two policemen (Dray, 10 H, and Deacon, 29 F), and desired them to put out all those who were drunk or riotous. The prisoners turned upon the constables, called them "Garibaldians," and made an attack on them. Both the constables were struck by the three prisoners, and by several others whom they were not able to distinguish from the rest of the mob. As Dray was struggling with Wallis and Brown, the third prisoner, Hennessey, drew a knife from his pocket, and stabbed him in the side of the head. Deacon, who saw him do it, at once took him into custody. Some other constables came to their assistance, and the three prisoners were secured, and removed to the station-house. The rest of the party got away. Dr. Painter, divisional surgeon, examined and dressed Dray's wound. It was an incised wound, an inch and a quarter in length, and penetrating to the bone. It was under the temple, and immediately beside the eye. Dr. Painter did not consider it dangerous; but had it been a little more forward, it might have entered the eye. A constable proved that the prisoner Hennessey had been repeatedly convicted of assaults on the police, and on one occasion of stabbing a policeman. Hennessey: Don't believe him, your worship. It was only a black man. Mr. Corrie: Well, you stabbed somebody. Hennessey: Only a black, your worship. Mr. Corrie said he would treat the charge against Brown and Wallis as a mere drunken row. They got drinking and talking nonsense about Garibaldi, and were ready to quarrel with anybody. Nor should he have taken much notice of the matter, but for the serious consequence in the stabbing of Dray. Brown and Wallis must pay 20s., or go to prison for fourteen days. Hennessey must be committed for trial.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.

A good deal of excitement has been caused by the extraordinary suicide of a young man named Thomas Reed, a chemist, belonging to South Shields, which took place on Sunday last. The unfortunate man took a small boat at the low part of the town, and, after giving the man to whom the boat belonged a shilling, he pulled out into the middle of the stream, and then shouted "Good-bye." He took the boat over the bar out to sea, and while in twelve fathoms water he was observed by some men in the steamboat *Goliath* to pull off his clothes and tie them up into a bundle. He then placed the oars in an orderly manner, and stuck up the boat-hook with his handkerchief half-mast high, as if for mourning. He shouted to the steamboat-men, whose suspicions that there was something wrong with him had been aroused, and they were making towards him with their boat, but, before they could reach him, he leapt from the boat's gunwale into the sea, having a large stone fastened about his neck with a rope, and sunk instantly, of course, and was drowned. Upon getting hold of the boat, the steamboat-men found it all written over with chalk, the deceased blaming his partner, a Mr. Taylor, for being the cause of his death; but there is little doubt but the poor creature was light-headed at the time that he destroyed his life. The boat is in charge of the river police.

Sporting.

RACING FIXTURES

OCTOBER.

Newmarket S O . 13 | Gloucester . . . 21 | Newmarket H . 27
Perth 16

BETTING AT TATTERSALLS ON THE RACES.

CESAREWITCH.—11 to 2 agst Mr. Grimshaw's Silktone (offered, take 6 to 1); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broek's Umpire (offered, take 11 to 1); 100 to 8 agst Mr. Beville's Henham Lass (t); 100 to 7 agst Sir C. W. Codrington's Catch'em Alive (t); 100 to 6 agst Mr. R. C. Naylor's Chere Amie (t); 25 to 1 agst Count Lagrange's Stradella (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. J. Smith's Hartington (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. T. Wadlow's Shropshire (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Goater's Aurelian (t); 40 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's Anonyma (t); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Payne's Alchymist (t); 50 to 1 agst Count Batthyany's Loiterer (t); 50 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Dulcibella (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. E. Mill's Knutsford (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Mr. W. Hart's Corona (t); 1,000 to 10 agst Sir J. Hawley's Asteroid (t).
CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—100 to 6 agst Mr. Grimshaw's Silktone (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Payne's Alchymist (t); 50 to 1 agst Mr. W. Robinson's Lapidist (t)

THE AMERICAN BATTLE-FIELDS.

THE death of General Reno is thus recorded:—

"General Reno, late in the afternoon, was advancing with his corps, consisting of Generals Cox, Sturgis, Wilcox, and Rodman, towards the front at the top of the Blue Ridge, and was engaged in disposing his lines and arranging the order for a final attack to drive the rebels from their position, which they had held with such pertinacity during the day. His bold and striking appearance as he waved his hand in the usual way while directing the disposition of his troops attracted the notice of the rebels who lay in ambush, no doubt watching for some victim of retaliation for the loss of their own general. General Reno had scarcely completed the delivery of his orders when a party of some 200 of the enemy suddenly opened fire, and General Reno received a rifle ball in his left side, which passed obliquely through his body, emerging near the stomach. He immediately dismounted from his horse, and said, 'I am mortally wounded!' He was assisted to the rear by his staff, and placed in as comfortable a position as possible, but in about half an hour he expired, apparently without pain. He remained perfectly conscious to the last, and uttered occasionally words of encouragement to his command. Thus fell, in front of his troops, while leading them to victory, one of the most courageous and valued generals of the Union army! His remains were sent by General Burnside immediately to Baltimore to be embalmed. His wife and family are in Washington. His home is in Pennsylvania. General Reno, it will be remembered, had just succeeded to the command of General McDowell's corps."

An American letter says:—

"As soon as the terms of surrender of Harper's Ferry were completed, Generals A. P. Hill and Jackson rode into town accompanied by their staff. General Hill immediately took up his headquarters in the tavern stand, next to Colonel Miles's Old 'Stonewall,' after riding down the river, returned to Bolivar Heights, the observed of all observers. He was dressed in the coarsest kind of home-spun, seedy and dirty at that; wore an old hat which any Northern beggar would consider an insult to have offered him, and in his general appearance was in no respect to be distinguished from the mongrel barefooted crew who follow his fortunes. I heard much of the decayed appearance of the rebel soldiery, but such a looking crowd! Ireland in her worst straits could present no parallel, and yet they glory in their shame."

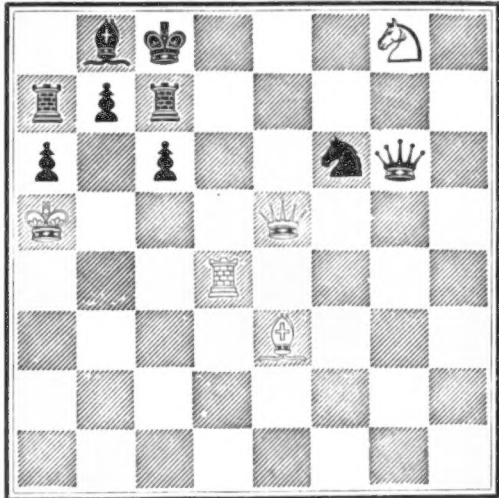
The following is the description of the death of Colonel Miles, the commandant at Harper's Ferry:—

"Owing to a thick mist which hung over the mountain the artillery failed to see the white flags for some time after they were displayed, and continued throwing shell, whereby six were killed. Colonel Miles was fatally wounded by one of them. He had ridden back and forth on the field, a target for the enemy, but fortunately met with no mishap until then. While standing with his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Benning, on the left of Bolivar Heights, waiting for his horse, the balls fell thick around him. Turning to Lieutenant Benning, he remarked, 'Well, Mr. Benning, the ball is over. We have done our duty; but I don't understand why the rebel causes keep shelling us.' Just then a piece of shell, which burst close by, took away a portion of his left calf. He immediately fell, exclaiming, 'My God, I believe I am hit.' His aide immediately called upon Captain Lee, of the 26th New York, who came to his assistance with some men; and while they were bearing him off the field another shell burst, taking off the colonel's hat and severely wounding Captain Lee in the thigh. Colonel Miles was conveyed to his head-quarters in an ambulance, assisted by Dr. McKee, and Dr. Ferguson, of the 8th New York Cavalry; Dr. Barr, of the 12th, and Dr. Boone, of the 1st Maryland Horse Brigade, attended him during the day. He remained insensible most of the time, not reviving sufficiently to allow of amputation. Through the kindness of Lieutenant Benning, who sat behind him, constantly holding his hand in his, I am permitted to copy from his memoranda some of the expressions which the dying colonel uttered during the day while his mind was wandering. They are valuable, if for nothing more, as showing how cruel the insinuations which have constantly been thrown out against his loyalty. 'Oh, where is General McClellan? Why don't he come forward and save me? Major, is our artillery at work? I have done my duty, and can die like a soldier. Don't let my staff leave me. Go on, go on! I wish I could be in every place at once. Stop them,' referring to stragglers from their regiments. In the latter part of the day his mind still continued to wander to the battle-field, and he kept constantly cheering on his men, calling on them to stand where they were. Again he asked, 'Oh, who is McClellan? Captain, we are hard pressed, but my orders are to hold on to the last. My ammunition is gone. Where is our army? Darn Colonel Ford; he has lost the heights. Oh, must I surrender? They made a target of me. All right, all right! Give them every shell—every shell. When we can do no more, I can do no more. Five days' cannonading heard at Baltimore and elsewhere, and yet no assistance.' Expresses a wish to see General White. 'I am an old soldier; General White will not forget me at head-quarters. I know also my staff, Mr. Binney, Mr. Hellman, and Major McIlvaine also. I can bear this. General, go! Oh, why don't you go? Oh, go! go!—oh, go! Won't anybody go? Oh, go, my darling!—go, my darling! My wife, go! Receive me. Come, sign it! McIlvaine, be on then! Be on! What a noble fellow. Oh, Barny, that key!—the key, oh! Colonel Miles may have been remiss in his duty, but a more loyal soldier never fought under the flag. When I left his head-quarters late in the evening he was still living, though he could survive but a short time longer."

FATALITY IN AN IRISH BOG.—On Monday night a respectable farmer, near Rathfriland, County Down, was going home on a car with his wife, when the horse became unmanageable while passing through a bog with no fence on either side. The horse and car went over into a precipice, and both the husband and wife were killed before they could be extricated.

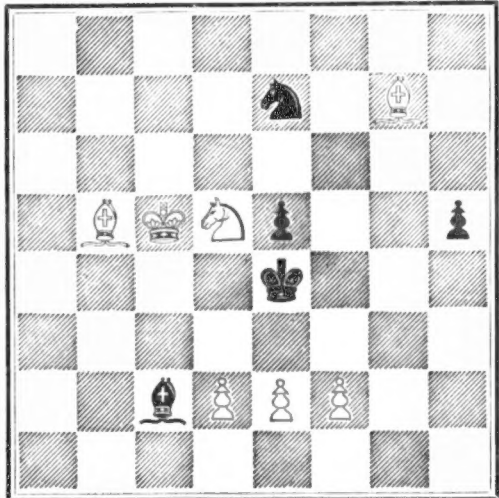
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 61.—By J. A. C.
Black.



White.
White to mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 62.—By W. H.
Black.



White.
White to mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 55.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q to Q R 6 | 1. K takes P |
| 2. Q to Q R square | 2. K takes B |
| 3. Q to K B 6 | 3. K moves |
| 4. Q mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 55.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. K to K B 2 | 1. P to K B 5 (a) |
| (a) If Pawn to Kt 4, White plays | 2. B to Q Kt 2, &c. |
| 2. Kt to K 7 | 2. P to K B 6 (b) |
| 3. R to Q 4 (ch) | 3. K moves |
| 4. P to K R 4 | 4. Ditt. |
| 5. R to K B 4, mate | |

(b)

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 2. B to Q Kt 2 | 2. P to K 4 |
| 4. B to B square | 3. P to K B 6 |
| 5. R to Q 2, mate | 4. K moves |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 56.

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt from K B 7 to K 5 | 1. P takes Kt |
| 2. Kt to K 7 (ch) | 2. B takes Kt |
| 3. B mates | |

Black has the defences, but none to delay mate.

W. W.—A player of moderate strength is desirous of playing a game of chess by correspondence. Address, care of the editor.

C. DEANE.—White's play at the end of the game referred to was very weak. 24. R to Q B 4 followed, and the advance of the Q R P was the proper line of play.

W. H. HAWKES.—We will report upon your problems in our next Number.

JAMES HOPE.—Problem No. 1 is much too easy. Nos. 2 and 4 are clumsily constructed, there being too many doubled Pawns. No. 3 is too simple. A second problem marked No. 1 can be solved in two moves, by commencing with B to B 3.

A FARMER.—R and minor piece against R are generally drawn games. So are two Kts and B against R.

Solution of Problem 53 by J. T., A. Joyce, W. W., Rustic, J. Coleby, R. W. Bradley, Vectis, Delta, F. Wells, G. Bagster, F. Carr, G. Foster, C. P., Peta, W. Langton, T. Binney, C. Peane, W. Clifton, J. Parker, Amanuensis, Cantab, C. W. B. (Kew Green), A. Howell, W. Lyon, Nemo, G. Firmid, D. P. F., W. Seward, Ianthe, R. Steele, J. Paterson, G. C. (Lincoln), and J. Dickson—correct.

GARIBALDI'S FUTURE HOME.—A letter from Turin of the 3rd inst. says:—"The prisoner of Varignano was the day before yesterday informed by telegraph that the amnesty would be very shortly declared. On receiving the intelligence he looked with a smile at his leg, wrapped up in bandages, and said to his friend, It appears that we are pardoned. Garibaldi wishes to return to Caprera, but prudence dictates that he should not be exposed at present to a fatiguing voyage. He will, I am assured, proceed to Quarto, near Genoa, to the house of his friend De Vecchi. The villa is situated on the sea coast, at the very spot where Garibaldi embarked for Marsala."

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

MANSION HOUSE.

A REPTILIAN FELLOW.—Stephen Keefe, a blind man, who stands charged on suspicion of having caused the death of his wife, Eliza Keefe, by kicking her in the abdomen, was placed at the bar before the Lord Mayor. Mary Ann M'Sweeney said the deceased, who was her sister, had been married to the prisoner about twelve years, and was forty years of age. The prisoner earned a living in the streets as a musician, and with his wife and three children occupied a single room at 12, Horse-alley, Bishopsgate. He was addicted to drinking, and often ill-used his wife and children. About two o'clock on the morning of Saturday week the woman, M'Sweeney, who lived next door to the deceased, a wooden partition only dividing the two houses, was in bed, and, hearing screams from her sister's room, and then a heavy fall, she ran down stairs and found her lying in her own passage, with her feet towards the door, which, as usual, was open. Her sister, who was drowsy, put her hand on the right side of her abdomen, and said, "Mary Ann, I'm done." The prisoner was standing beside his own door with a stick in his hand, and rushed out to make a kick at his wife, but witness interfered to protect her, and in doing so received some rough usage from him. The deceased was far advanced in pregnancy, and was daily expecting to be confined. Witness lifted her up and set her on the stairs, where she lay until about six in the morning, and then stole into her own room while prisoner was asleep. The deceased explained to witness that the prisoner, coming home about one o'clock the morning, had given her a shilling to go and buy some supper; that she went for that purpose to Fleur-de-lis-street, close by; that on her return he taunted her with having been long away, called her by a foul name, and said he supposed she had drunk the shilling. She pointed to some bread and meat in her apron, and said she had spent every farthing of the money in buying it. About eleven o'clock on the following Sunday night the deceased gave birth to a stillborn child, and lingered until about twelve o'clock on Monday night, when she died. Mary Ann Keefe, a daughter of the prisoner, and nearly eleven years old, was called. She said: I recollect going out with my father on Friday week, and returning with him between twelve and one o'clock on Saturday morning. He had been drinking in several public-houses and playing on his pipes. When he came home he gave my mother a shilling to go for some supper, and she went. I remained awake all night, and on her return she was taking the things out of her apron and putting them on a table, when he took a stick from beneath the bed, and, shutting the door, struck her once or twice with it, and then threw it down. I took up the stick and put it in the cupboard. He then began to "punch" her with his fists, and afterwards kicked her on the right side of her belly, and she fell. He also pulled the hair out of her head, and called her all manner of names, to which she made no reply. She went into the passage, and he shut the door on the inside. She lay in the passage with her feet towards the room door and her head against the partition. My aunt heard her screams and came down in her night-dress. He asked me who it was, and on my saying, "My aunt," he seized and tore all her chemise. My aunt went up-stairs to dress herself, and my mother sat on the stairs, where she remained for the rest of the night. My father called me in to go to bed and I went. I remained awake all night, and while my father was asleep I got up and let my mother in. My aunt came into the room with her. My mother or aunt told me to light a fire to boil the kettle, and I did. The prisoner repeatedly interrupted the witness to say she was telling lies, that she had been prompted to do so by her aunt. Mr. Goodman formally told the prisoner that the charge against him would be that he did feloniously kill and slay Eliza Keefe, his wife. The prisoner was accordingly committed to Newgate for trial.

A FEMALE VICTIM.—Alderman Sir Robert Carden continues to receive letters from different parts of the country confirmatory of the statement he recently made from the bench of this court respecting the young woman calling herself Annette de la Rue. Two have been addressed to him by English gentlemen who had been staying at Vicki during the summer of this year. There, one of the writers states, a young woman exactly answering her description had imposed on many of the English residents, and himself among the rest. In the beginning of August she was staying at the hotel at which he put up, and there she assumed the name of De Trafford, and represented herself to be a member of the ancient Lancashire family of that name. On her first arrival she made incidental allusions to her future prospects, stating that on coming of age she would be entitled to £40,000, but she was fleeing for refuge from the persecution of a relentless uncle living in London, who wanted her to marry an old but very rich gentleman against her will. She had been stopped, she said, at Marseilles on board a steamer on her way to Australia, and had come to Vicki to lay her case before the Emperor, who was then sojourning there. The Catholic families in particular staying at the hotel believed the story she told, the more so as she appeared to be familiar with the history and connexions of the De Trafford and of many other Catholic families, who received her with much sympathy. She stayed at the hotel about three weeks, mixing with the company there, and occupying some of the best rooms in the house. At length the English residents in the hotel raised a subscription among themselves, amounting to about 200*l.* (£8), to pay her expenses to London, and those of a Sister of Mercy who was to accompany her, on the understanding that they were to stay a week or two in Paris, in a convent, before the lady was delivered up to her uncle. A few days afterwards the Sister of Mercy returned, stating that the young woman in question had managed to slip from her company, and she had not been able to find her.

GUILDHALL.

HOW TO START A COMPANY.—Mr. John Jennings, F.S.S., director, secretary, and shareholder of the North Carrock Mining Company, was summoned before Alderman Gabriel for unlawfully, and by means of false pretences, obtaining two dividend warrants for the respective sums of £115 9*s.* 11*d.* and £19 6*s.*, and four banker's checks for the respective sums of £12 10*s.*, £17 8*s.* 3*d.*, £13 11*s.*, and £2 4*s.* 9*d.*, from Messrs. Newton, Keats, and Co., of Liverpool. Mr. Jesse John Tustin said: I live at Barnet, in Hertfordshire, and carry on business as a chemical colour manufacturer at 83, Upper Thames-street. I am one of the directors of the North Carrock Mining Company (limited), which has been in existence about two years. The defendant was appointed secretary pro tem. on the 6th of February last. There was no subsequent appointment with regard to the secretaryship, and nothing was mentioned in the resolution of the directors' meeting, but an arrangement was afterwards made by which the defendant received £5 per month. I acted as chairman of the company; the defendant acted as secretary before he was appointed, and the last payment made to him as salary was on the 11th of August last. On the 13th of the same month there was a board meeting, which was adjourned to the 14th, and the defendant was present on both days, and ultimately, after refusing to produce his books, left the meeting, in consequence of the directors declining a proposal of his in connexion with an additional purchase which he wanted the board to make. I did not feel inclined to find the money for that purchase, and the company had no funds. On the 25th of August a resolution was passed dismissing defendant from the secretaryship, but notice of such resolution or dismissal was forwarded to the defendant on the 14th of August. Messrs. Newton, Keats, and Co., of Liverpool, were indebted to the company in the amount of £119 9*s.* 11*d.* for lead supplied, and the letter acknowledging the receipt of the securities to that amount and the receipt are in the handwriting of and signed by the defendant. Cross-examined: I became aware of what the defendant had done on the 19th of September. He was a shareholder to the value of £200, and he held other shares in trust to the value of £300. Every director having a similar amount entrusted to him to dispose of. They were transferred to him, but he paid nothing for them, on the understanding that he was to return them, or their value in money, when called upon. The mines of the company both belonged to me before the company started. The company agreed to purchase the Drygill mine for £4,000, but they did not carry out the purchase. I was to have had £1,000 in cash, and taken shares for the other £3,000. The Roughgill was to be transferred to the company at its actual cost price. That was the more productive mine, and I wished to get it re-transferred to me. Mr. Lewis: Now, at the meeting of the 14th of August did not the defendant say he would not sit at the board to permit such a deception to be practised on the shareholders as to take away the best mine. Witness: No, sir. Not in those words. Mr. Lewis: Did he not say that he would not attend if such a matter were allowed to go on? Witness: He did, sir. I do not admit that he said that he would not attend. I only recollect there was some noise and a good deal of bluster. The directors left to act, after I removed the defendant and Mr. Hodgson, were myself, my son, and Mr. W. Bayley Bray. (Laughter.) I have Mr. Hodgson's letter, which will show the reason of his leaving. Mr. Lewis: Are you not aware that defendant has a large claim against the company for secretary's salary for the directors' fees? Witness: No; his salary was paid regularly, £1 5*s.* per week, but there was no money to pay any of the directors their fees. Alderman Gabriel: How much money has been paid up on these shares? Witness: The deposit of 5*s.* per share has been paid on a few, sir. Alderman Gabriel: Have you allotted the shares upon which you received deposits? Witness: No, sir. Alderman Gabriel: That is a very extraordinary proceeding. Your prospectus states your capital to be £20,000, in 4,000 shares of £5 each, deposit 5*s.* per share, and 10*s.* on allotment. As there had been no allotment of shares upon which deposits have been paid, who were the shareholders who dismissed the defendant

from the board of directors? Mr. Lewis: How many shareholders were present at this extraordinary meeting? Witness: Three; myself, my son, and Mr. Bray. (Laughter.) Alderman Gabriel: I see by the articles of association that there are a number of gentlemen's names put forward as directors in 1860. What became of those names? Witness: They resigned in February, 1862. Alderman Gabriel: But you sent out a prospectus to the public announcing those persons as properly qualified directors. Would not the public be justified in coming to the conclusion that all those gentlemen held shares in the undertaking? Witness: Certainly they could. Alderman Gabriel: The whole thing, upon the face of it, is a fraud upon the public, and I should advise you, Mr. Tustin, to have a little more thought in future before you place yourself again in such an equivocal position. I therefore dismiss the summons.

CLERKENWELL.

A LAUGHABLE APPLICATION.—THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR.—A young man, well dressed, who said he had come from Yorkshire for the purpose of seeing the Exhibition, applied to Mr. D'Eyncourt for a summons against an omnibus conductor, under the following circumstances:—The applicant stated that he was riding home from the Exhibition on the top of an omnibus, when he gave the conductor a half-crown to take him to George the Fourth, and the conductor, in change, and amongst it was a shilling of George the Fourth, dated 1828, having on the back of it a lion. Fancying that the shilling was not all right, he asked the conductor if it was so. The conductor began scratching his head, said that the lion-backed shillings were very valuable, in consequence of their being so scarce, and that he (the applicant) might soon earn a fortune, as he could get eighteen pence for every one he could get of them. (A laugh.) He also said that he was sorry he had given him (the applicant) the shilling, but as it was done he could not help it, but as he wanted one very particularly to give to his sweetheart, he would give him eighteen pence for the one he had. He (the applicant) said he should at once have it, on which the conductor gave him eight penny pieces. (A laugh.) He (the applicant) told him that he was wrong, and that he had promised him 1*s.* 6*d.* for the shilling piece, on which the conductor and the passengers outside burst into a roar of laughter, and the conductor said he had done no such thing; all he had promised he had performed—namely, given him eight in pence for the shilling, and he might do what he liked for the other fourpence, for he did not care for the magistrate. (A laugh.) Under these circumstances he had to apply for a summons to compel the conductor to rene and the fourpence. Mr. D'Eyncourt said the applicant seemed to have been very foolish in the matter, and referred him to the county court. He thought applicant had better let the affair rest.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

TWO SOLDIERS CHARGED WITH ROBBERY A MEDICAL STUDENT.—Henry Fowkes and Thomas Sefton, two privates of the Scots Fusilier Guards, were charged before Mr. Knox, with stealing a watch and chain from the person of Mr. James Whitworth, a student of the London University, who had been drinking with the prisoners and another soldier for five hours in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket. Mr. Herbert Davis, a student of the London University, and residing at 46, Tower-place, said on Wednesday he was in company with Mr. Whitworth and three soldiers, drinking. He could not remember what time they went into the public-house, two or three of them being drunk. Mr. Knox: Has the witness been drinking this morning? Sergeant Gordon: I think not, sir; he is nervous. Mr. Davis said the soldiers touched his watch, and he put it inside his coat. They all then went into the street. Fowkes took Mr. Whitworth's watch, and he (the witness) saw it in his hand, and saw no more of it. The soldiers then left. He did not see Sefton do anything. Mr. Knox said the evidence was most unsatisfactory. They had all been drinking for hours. Fowkes asked the last witness whether there were not two girls who pushed them about. The witness said that two girls were of the party. Mr. Whitworth said he could swear to the prisoners being two of the men present. The evidence having been read over, Mr. Knox asked the prosecutor whether he was sure he had his watch after leaving the Haymarket, and before going into the public-house in Rupert-street, and the prosecutor at first said he was, but afterwards that he was not. The prisoner Fowkes was committed for trial, but Sefton was discharged.

THE RIOT IN HYDE-PARK.—On Monday, long before the time of commencing business, a crowd, numbering some thousands of persons, assembled in front of the Marlborough-street Police-court. The persons assembled were principally of the labouring class, and, as may be imagined, natives of the Emerald Isle predominated. The following are the names of the prisoners and the offences with which they were charged:—Benjamin Harrington, Michael Collins, John Kirby, James Condon, Francis Sullivan, Edward Uttara, Patrick Dalton, Thomas Morris, Peter Tacci, John Mahony, James Fenwick, James Daly, and Patrick McCarthy, for creating a disturbance in Hyde-park; Kirby being also charged with an assault; John Smith, Henry Sowdon, Alfred Watts, James Taylor—throwing stones, to the common danger of passengers in Hyde-park; Thomas Welsh, assaulting Mr. Jonathan Potter, chemist, Clifton-road, Maida Vale; Pietro Ansoni, an Italian, for attempting to stab John Williams, of Nightingale-street, Marylebone. Michael Collins, Denis Harrington, and John Kirby were first placed at the bar. A park constable said: At half-past three o'clock on Sunday afternoon I saw Harrington strike one of the heads of four or five persons in the crowd and a disturbance on the ground. Harrington was striking the people and knocking them off the ground. Two constables ran up the mound, and with my assistance took Harrington into custody. (A person here interrupted the proceedings and was turned out of court.) I was there nearly all the time. Harrington was calling out, "Down with Garibaldi!" The other party were not knocking about the Irish. Bray, 606 A: On Sunday I was on duty between the Magazine-barracks and Grosvenor-gate. Near six o'clock there was an immense crowd. I saw Harrington and Collins, or Connor, marching at the head of about 600 persons. They went up the mound, in the centre of the park, and thrust all the people off. I saw Collins knock down all the persons that came in the way with his fists. He had no stick. I took him into custody and to the station. I did not see Harrington strike any one, but he led them, he led Collins, and he led the crowd to the station. William Turner, Broad-row, Mount-street, butcher, a lad of sixteen, said: I was in the park between three and four. A large crowd came towards me, and Kirby rushed at me. I was crying out, "Hurrah for Garibaldi!" and the prisoner rushed at me. Kirby and another man struck me, but the other man was not caught. Kirby struck me in the mouth and knocked me down. By Mr. Lewis: I knew there was to be a meeting, and went to hear it. I called out, "Hurrah for Garibaldi!" and so did others. I said nothing about the "Pope," or the "Irish." I was not at the head of the number. I was in the crowd. Mr. Lewis: You had better have been at home. Mr. Tyrwhitt said he would reserve his observations till the end of the cases; but he lamented that the park—intended for the recreation of the public—should be the place of such a scene. With regard to Kirby, who was ready for any mischief, and assaulted a boy, he should send him for two months, and the others he should send 40*s.*, or a month. Edward O'Hara, James Fenwick, and Francis Sullivan were next charged. O'Hara and Sullivan were fined 20*s.* or a month, and Fenwick 10*s.* or a month. Thomas Morris, Patrick Dalton, and Pietro Tacci were next charged. Shillito, 510 A, said: I saw Tacci in the park striking right and left with a bludgeon (a formidable weapon loaded with lead). Mr. Tyrwhitt: The only question is, whether Morris and Tacci should not be sent to the sessions. Dalton will have to pay £1 or a month, and the others £5 or a month each. John Mahony was next charged. Samuel Parks, a park-constable, said: About six o'clock yesterday my attention was called to a mob near the mound. I made towards it, and found a mob chasing the prisoner, and calling out, "Take him into custody; he has got the heads of four or five persons with a loaded stick." I gave chase, and eventually caught him, and took him into custody. I did not see him strike anybody. He had no stick with him when I took him. Mr. Tyrwhitt: I shall remand you for a week. James Condon was next called. Davison, 576 A: I was in the park on Sunday afternoon, and saw the prisoner in a large crowd, taking a very active part, and striking every one in his reach. They were calling out, "Down with the Pope." Prisoner struck three or four men with his fists. Mr. Tyrwhitt: This is a milder case than the others. It was the duty of the police to see the peace kept, and when men break it, they must be punished. I shall fine prisoner 10*s.* Henry Sowdon, Jamestown, 171 A: I saw Smith throw two stones at a crowd of people, and I took him into custody. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Have you any question to put to the witness, Mr. Lewis? Mr. Lewis: No, your worship. I do not appear for these defendants; my retainer only extends to the supporters of the Pope. Mr. Tyrwhitt: I shall discharge Watts, who appears only to have thrown back a stone which some one first threw his way. The others I shall fine 40*s.*, or one month each. Thomas Welch was next charged. Mr. Jonathan Potter, No. 11, Clifton-road, Maida-hill, chemist: I was standing in the park on Sunday afternoon talking to a friend, when I saw twelve or fourteen rough-looking persons, of the same description as the prisoner, chasing a young gentleman about twenty-one years of age. They knocked him down with their sticks, and were beating him, when I ran in between the prostrated gentleman and his assailants, and said, "Don't kill him; he is a friend." The men turned round on me, and said savagely, "What the hell is it to you?" The whole dozen of them set upon me with their sticks. The prisoner struck me a heavy blow on the head which sent my hat twenty yards away, and I received many blows on my arms in defending my head. Fortunately for me the police came up and took the man at the bar prisoner. Mr. Tyrwhitt: I congratulate you on your courage and your escape. Mr. Tyrwhitt: The only question with me is whether I shall send this case to the sessions or not. I have decided a number of cases, but I feel some

doubt whether I ought not to have sent them to the sessions. I can only say, if these scenes are repeated I will send all cases to the sessions, except, indeed, the very trumpery ones, and then the parties, on conviction, will get an imprisonment of twelve months. If these disturbances are not put a stop to the parks must be shut up or occupied by a strong body of constables to keep the peace. I shall send the prisoner to hard labour for two months. Patrick Macauley and James Daly were next charged. Mr. Tyrwhitt: I shall discharge Daly, and fine Macauley 40*s.*, or one month. Pietro Ansoni, an Italian, was charged with stabbing two persons with a knife. Albert Wardle, 6, George-street, paper-hanger, I was in the park near the mound. I heard some one cry out, "Down with Garibaldi!" some "Down with the Pope!" All of a sudden there was a commotion. I turned round and saw the prisoner running. People were calling out "Knife, knife!" I saw the prisoner had a knife in his hand. I heard one man call out, "Oh, my God! I am stabbed!" The prisoner came towards me, and struck at me twice. I received two wounds on the thigh. The prisoner ran off, but I never lost sight of him until he was secured. I am certain the prisoner is the man who stabbed me. Mr. Lewis said he would reserve his defence, as the other wounded man was in the hospital. He might, however, say that the prisoner denied being the man who used the knife, and he hoped, therefore, the magistrate would take bail. Mr. Tyrwhitt could not think of taking bail just yet. He would remand him for a week.

MARYLEBONE.

A FOUR-MOUTHED "GENTLEMAN" SENT TO HARD LABOUR FOR A MONTH.—William Snowden, described as a gentleman, residing at Willenden, appeared on a summons charging him with assaulting, without any provocation, a young man named Thomas Holton. Mr. Herring appeared for the complainant, and whilst he was opening his case to his worship (Mr. Mansfield), he was continually interrupted by volleys of filthy expressions from defendant towards complainant, quite unfit to be repeated in print. The learned gentleman said he would not continue, but at once called complainant, who, on stepping into the box, was assailed by defendant with a very filthy expression. From his evidence, as well as he was able to give it, in the midst of a shower of blackguardism, it appeared that he was leaning over the gate of the house where he lodged, at Willenden, when defendant came behind and struck him a severe blow on the head. Defendant: You liar; you are—Mr. Mansfield: Silence, sir. Defendant (striking his chest): Give me my sentence. He pointed to Holton: Is—Mr. Mansfield (who evidently, like every one else in court, was disgusted at the "gentleman's" language): Stop, you filthy fellow—I commit you for one month with hard labour. For a minute or two he did not seem to understand the sentence, and he was still more surprised when informed that hard labour was attached to it. Later in the day Mr. Vaughan, solicitor, applied in mitigation of punishment, but without avail, as his worship was inflexible.

WORSHIP STREET.

FRIGHTFUL ASSAULT ON A WIFE BY HER HUSBAND.—Edward Pointon, a cabinetmaker, in Thomas-street, Bethnal-green, was charged before Mr. Cooke with a violent assault upon Emma Pointon, his wife, whose head was swathed in hospital bandages, while she carried an infant at her breast. The complainant said: I have been married four years, two children are alive, one of which is now in my arms. Last Saturday night my husband came home in liquor. I tried to get him into bed, and while taking off his clothes he kicked me three times in the stomach, then he took out the light, beat me with his fists about the face and body, and finally beat me with a piece of wood upon the head. I told my boy to call for assistance, and I joined in the cry as well as I could. I became insensible from the blows, and am now at the hospital as an out-patient. He has frequently ill-used me, but I have never complained of him. He can earn sufficient for the family, but is given to drink, and I get a day's washing when I can as a help. Sophia (a very young sister of the complainant, corroborated the assault, and preferred another charge against the defendant, in which she proved that upon entering the house of her relative she was struck twice on the head by her brother-in-law with a stick, which severely injured her forehead and nose. Her sister was then insensible. Hunt, 62 K, spoke to having heard cries of "Murder!" and "Police!" and to finding the defendant's wife in the state described. He had frequently before been called to the house in consequence of the violent conduct of the defendant. Evidence from the house-surgeon of the hospital proved that the first complainant had lost a large quantity of blood from scalp wounds of a severe character, inflicted by some blunt instrument. Defendant said that his wife and her sister were a bad lot, and that he was obliged to strike for his own defence. Mr. Cooke designated the defendant as a coward, who having obtained possession of and authority over a wife, beat her at his pleasure. Sentence: the first assault four months with hard labour, and for the second fourteen days with hard labour.

THAMES.

ABDUCTION.—A SCOUNDREL.—Henry Bowyer, aged 22 years, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with unlawfully decoying a girl, named Caroline Julia Nunn from her home, she being under the age of sixteen, for the purpose of seduction. Mr. Stoddart, solicitor, who conducted the prosecution, said the girl Nunn, the daughter of a respectable woman named Mary Stenson, who was married to a second husband, was dwelling at No. 25, Charlotte-street, New-road, Whitechapel. The prisoner was a slattern to his brother, a butcher, in Charlotte-street, opposite, and he had pulled the girl with drink, taken her to the Forest in his brother's cart, and after accompanying her to a notorious coffee and lodging-house called the Moon, in the Whitechapel-road, he seduced her ruin. He also took her to Wilton's Music Hall in the Wellclose-square, and after they had passed several nights together the girl returned to her mother's home, and the heartless villain, her seducer, boasted that he had broken her nicely, and she would do for the pavement. (Sensation.) Mrs. Stenson said her daughter was fourteen years old, and that three days after the prisoner took the girl to the Forest, she tapped him on the shoulder and asked him what he meant by taking her girl to the Forest on a Sunday night. He said, "I don't want you, nor your daughter." She then forswore wishes, he took the girl away. Mrs. Stenson, who was deeply affected and very ill, said this dreadful affair would be the death of her. The girl Nunn gave a long account of her intimacy with the prisoner. In cross-examination by Mr. Charles Young for the prisoner, the girl said she told the prisoner she should be seventeen in October. The girl said she charged of abduction was clearly made out, and that he intended to commit the prisoner for trial. He was remanded on bail.

SOUTHWARK.

CHARGE OF BEGLARY BY FEMALES.—Mary Ann Cummings and Mary Ann Hart, convicted thieves, recently liberated from the House of Correction, were placed at the bar before Mr. Combe, charged with breaking and entering the dwelling-house of Richard Barnard, at 23, Princess-street, Southwark, and stealing therefrom a looking-glass, a dress, shawl, and other articles. The prosecutor, a soap boiler, deposed that, rather more than six months ago his house was broken into, and one of the rooms entirely stripped of all the furniture and his wife's wearing apparel. The prisoners were apprehended a few days after that for a robbery, and sentenced at this court to six months' hard labour. After their conviction the police found out their lodgings, and there they discovered witness's looking-glass, his wife's dress and shawl, and other property produced. As soon as their term of imprisonment was out they were taken into custody for being concerned in the burglary and robbery. Witness believed that the men who assisted them were now rotting three years' penal servitude. Mr. Combe asked if he knew the prisoners before the robbery. Witness replied that they had lodged somewhere in his neighbourhood. The prisoners here declared they knew nothing of the robbery. The things were brought home by the men they then lived with. They, however, had since been sentenced to three years' penal servitude. Police-constable 375 M said he apprehended the prisoners at Wandsworth House of Correction, as they were leaving, after six months' imprisonment for felony. Prisoners: Yes, for this very same robbery; surely your worship won't punish us again. We've had enough of it. In answer to Mr. Combe, the prosecutor said his house was broken into and plundered, but the property produced was not found until after their conviction for another robbery. Mr. Combe committed them for trial.

GREENWICH.

SINGULAR APPLICATION FOR A PROTECTION ORDER.—An elderly female about 60 years of age, accompanied by a female much younger, made an application to his worship to grant her the usual order protecting any property she might acquire, on the ground that her husband had deserted her. From the applicant's statement it appeared that she had been living with her husband in the interior of Russia, but that he had there turned her out of doors and refused to support her. The young woman who now accompanied her to the court, having known her for several years, had been the means of bringing her from Russia, and as she was afraid her husband would return to this country and claim the little property she had already acquired and might acquire, she wished for an order to protect the same. Mr. Fraithill said he was not a lawyer, and he would not be even if it did, an offence of the kind committed while she and her husband were in Russia, and where it appeared she had left him, would not be amenable to the law of England. At all events he did not think there was much likelihood of her husband leaving Russia to trouble her, and he could not grant her application.

THE FRENCH MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

M. EDOUARD THOUVENEL, whom an imperial decree summoned to the functions of Minister for Foreign Affairs in the place of the Emperor's cousin, the Count Walewski, is unquestionably a man of talent. Though not yet old, M. Thouvenel has given proofs of that maturity of judgment, and of that keen penetration which have given him a notable place in public affairs. When scarcely more than twenty, he travelled in the East, and brought back a rich harvest of interesting studies, which he first of all communicated to the world through the chief French periodical, the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and afterwards in the form of a volume. The success of this work assigned to M. Thouvenel a very high place among the contributors of this distinguished periodical.

Shortly after his return to France he entered the Foreign-office, and found in M. de Saze, political director, a just appreciator of his talents, and a zealous protector. M. de Thouvenel signalized his vigorous intelligence by denouncing the encroachments of Russia in Asia Minor, and the disastrous consequences to the balance of power in Europe accruing from the treaty concluded between the Porte and Russia in 1833. In the month of September, 1845, he became secretary to the French embassy at Athens, and received from the King of Belgium, before his departure, his nomination as Chevalier in the Order instituted by the King. He was afterwards appointed charge d'affaires then minister plenipotentiary at Athens.

At a later period, M. Thouvenel was sent to Munich as French ambassador, and was recalled from this post to take the political direction in foreign affairs, in which he gave proof of extensive knowledge and of remarkable tact. When M. Drouyn de l'Évy was summoned to the conferences which were held at Vienna in April, 1855, M. Thouvenel was, during his absence, entrusted with the entire management of the Foreign-office.

During his short administration the Emperor could himself judge of the talent of M. Thouvenel, and appointed him ambassador to Constantinople in July, 1855. On the dismissal of M. Walewski, M. Thouvenel was called to the direction of foreign affairs.



M. EDOUARD THOUVENEL.

CONDITION OF GARIBALDI.

A LETTER from Varignano, dated Oct. 1, contains the following:—

"If one did not know that a rascally ball had broken the malleolus; if the foot could turn on its own pivot; if the frame were not emaciated by the fever of the body, which is lessened, and by the fever of the mind, which still burns, the colour of his face, his serene eye, and sometimes the hilarity of his lip, would tempt one into believing the attempted heroicide of Aspromonte a total failure. But last night he never slept; nothing could make him sleep. He felt and feels in his heel the strangest sensation, as though, with all his might, he was striking it against an anvil. These are his words. Several times the ligatures and plaster were unloosed, and a larger space left between the machine and the heel, and this was anointed with cold pomade. Still this sensation increases, lasts, goes away, and returns to torment him. The machine of which I speak was put in operation three days ago. It is a sort of iron cage, in which is suspended a cradle of swaths—a sort of hanging cradle—into which the leg is slowly let down on its soft pillow. Here the leg is extended, and the foot of the patient supported. This useful piece of mechanism was brought from London by Dr. Partridge, who ordered it of the maker, Mr. Mathews, of Lincoln's-inn. I thank them both. With the leg suspended in this manner we easily dress his wounds, from a bed on the other side, and we lower him horizontally when he wishes to sleep, and raise him up when he wishes to read or write. In these operations he gives his orders in his metallic and sympathetic tones as if he were giving the word of command on board ship. Orders short and precise, a sharp look if the move gives him pain, a sweet expression if effected ably and easily. The lion now sleeps, and I write, and he thanks you for the interest you take. We don't want nurses or any other women here. They would only make a confusion. The invalid wants for nothing. No, I make a mistake. He would get well sooner if the fatal ministers who have succeeded Cavour were by a plebiscite expelled from this beautiful country which they have always outraged, and banished to England, where from your great people they would learn dignity."

Literature.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

A STORY OF THE WAR OF LIBERATION.

CHAPTER V.

THE "ORDER OF RELEASE."

ROCCO GIOVANELLI soon found himself in a gloomy chamber, standing before the officials of the State prosecutions—some of them, to his surprise, being men whom he had known familiarly, which gave him some hope that he might challenge their friendly offices when the proper time came to reply to the accusations against him; and as he had a thorough conviction of his own innocence on broad and general grounds, he had less doubt about the issue.

He was soon to be undeceived.

His amazement was only equalled by his indignation when the whole iniquitous system of the prosecution was made clear to him.

He found that even his own domestics were spies, and was horrified when papers were produced alleged to have been discovered in his secret cabinet; and of a certainty his own portfolio was there before his eyes, in which the damning papers were found, which, when read, indicated that he was associated with an organized society, the purposes of which went to show that a general rising was premeditated, and a revolution was in full progress, the particulars of which, as they were given, amazed Rocco Giovannelli to hear, it was so precise in its apocryphal details.

"I beg to state to the court," exclaimed Rocco, "that those papers are forgeries!"

"Silence, prisoner! it will be best," said the blandly stern voice of the President.

"And," pursued Rocco, "if those papers were found in my cabinet, my treacherous servants, must have had false keys—"

"Remove him to the Bagnio!" cried the President; and with almost brutal ferocity, as if they had got their cue, the sentinels dragged him away.

The Bagnio was a horrible, stifling place, in which, to his dismay, he found some fifty or sixty of the citizens of Palermo huddled together.

Some had been wounded in the fray, but no surgical help was given them.

Some lay dying and dead upon the ground. Some were raving with thirst, but no water was given until their clamour brought the gaoler, who, for some carlini, handed in a pitcher; but the foul and filthy liquid was intercepted by those who were strongest and nearest the grated door, before it could reach the rightful purchaser, and so the dreadful morning and the next day wore on.

In the interim, however, their guards had some consideration, if not for the prisoners, at least for themselves—for some of the former had ducats, dollars, gold pieces, carlini, and the like; and coarse bread, pitchers of water, and fruit, most grateful luxury in the fetid oven, were delivered to them.

The following day, without further form of trial, without any other examination, without additional evidence, the confronting of witnesses, without the commonest decencies that even a tyrant and a despot generally uses, there came an officer accompanied by a dozen soldiers, their muskets loaded with ball, prepared to fire indiscriminately into the midst of the helpless, huddled prisoners at the least murmur or movement.

The officer held in his hand a paper. It was the sentence passed upon the prisoners in their absence!

Some were sentenced to death, among whom was Rocco Giovannelli; and as he had no reason to doubt but that the atrocious sentence would be carried out, he begged that he might see his wife and children, and take leave of them. His prayer, strange to say, was granted, and a messenger, whom he bribed, sent to summon them.

Some were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment in the dungeons of Procida and of Naples; some for five, ten, twenty years, some for life, and a few were condemned to the galleys. Citizens, men of position of the highest respectability, of generally known peaceful tendencies, doomed to the punishment of felons.

There was a scene at once ghastly and solemn, hideous and pathetic, before the prison gratings on that day.

Weeping mothers brought little children there to say "adieu!"—to say "farewell!" and the little arms were held out to embrace the doomed father, and the little faces were reached forth to be kissed for the last time; but the stony-hearted guards and gaolers, and the hideous gratings, above all, precluded the possibility, and their farewells were only moans, and tears, and wails of despair.

Among the number might be seen the wan, pale faces of Leonora, of Paolo, and of Angela.

"Adieu, my beloved wife! Farewell, my Paolo! My darling Angela adieu! Pray for me!"

"I will pray for you, my father," said Paolo, significantly, and then all were hustled away, and the final farewells, said or unsaid, were all over.

Those doomed to death had a confessor sent to them, and the sacred rites and the awful communion administered last far into the night; but with the Christian sympathy of the father confessor was mingled no humanity on the part of the gaolers, who were blunted as if their hearts were stone.

• This atrocious procedure is fully confirmed in repeated instances.

The next day the coupling of the prisoners by iron manacles was begun, and ended.

By accident or by design (for no explanation was designed), Rocco was chained to one condemned for life to the dungeons of Naples.

That night he was on his way thither, in the foul hold of a ship, with his manacled and fettered associates, while rats and vermin formed an apt but disgusting companionship for them.

After a voyage—which was so far prosperous that they arrived at their destination long before they had expected, and without delay—the now squalid and haggard group were lauded at the Mole, and, under a strong escort of soldiery, were taken to the public prison and placed in their respective cells.

As Rocco Giovannelli's imprisonment lasted for ten years—as it was unvaried, monotonous—ever, ever the same—one brief glimpse of him in his prison life will suffice.

The cell lay some twelve feet below the surface of the ground. Its floor was never dry; and through the dismal gratings came with certain breezes a damp malaria which chilled to the very marrow.

A pestilential stench, from obvious causes, made the corrupt atmosphere poisonous; and but for those extraordinary exceptions which show how the human frame will stand acclimatizing, the inmates of these dens of horror would have died and rotted, as, indeed, many of them did.

The clothing given to the prisoners, when their own had become a mere mass of rags, were coarse as sackcloth, and soon being infested with filth and vermin, were loathly to every sense.

Even these incredible horrors did Rocco Giovannelli become inured to.

By a facetious form of ferocity, there was a "rosary" added, afterwards denominated the "Neapolitan badge of honours." This was a rusty chain, weighing thirty pounds, roughly made and rarely differing in weight—and differing only, not from any sense of pity, but by the accident of manufacture at the royal forge.

Here, too, is an outline of the dietary, which is copied from an authentic source.

"Water, one pint in twenty-four hours; in summer, at discretion."

"Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, from forty-five to fifty beans containing insects, and one pound and a half of bad bran bread. This to serve for breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper. Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday, a little shoemaker's paste, by way of variety, for the corresponding number of meals."

"Five ounces of bad, ill-smelling beef once a fortnight, except in Lent."

"Each prisoner was supposed to receive sevenpence a year to pay for the washing of his linen, and this sum was very often paid with a reduction. The cases besides were not rare where some governors did not pay anything for the 'lavanda,'

so the reader may imagine the condition as to cleanliness of those pent up in the Bagnio."

The unseemly horrors of which Rocco Giovannelli was a partaker—the nausea, reeking headaches, spitting of blood, and the like—found no relief in any form of alleviation which sick and suffering crave, and in the name of pining humanity can claim.

A cruelty so revolting in its cynicism, a barbarism so replete with savagery the most repulsive, a disgrace to Christendom that did not chain up the royal brute as a madman,—all these seem anomalies in the middle of the nineteenth century, which succeeding generations will scarcely believe in.

Let us leave, then, the hapless Sicilian groaning in his dungeon, and follow the track of the other personages of the story.

Paolo Giovannelli had never up to that moment shed blood, and as was natural to his youth—strung up, however, to that desperate tension as his nerves had been—he stood and shuddered, with his face in his hands, as he heard the unmistakable sound which told of the fate of the malignant wretch.

It was a consolation, at all events, to know that he had richly merited it. It in some poor degree compensated for the iniquitous imprisonment of his father; it relieved his family from a future of persecution, which made the youth set his teeth with a fresh vindictiveness when he reflected on the designs the unscrupulous villain had formed against his sister.

But he was gone, and there was an end of him. Still one look Paolo must have.

He crept to the ledge of the rock and gazed below. There, lying prone and stark, the blood flowing in a stream from a fracture in the skull, lay his enemy, whom he had feared no more.

Through the clear sky came the vultures flocking, seeing or scenting their prey afar off; and presently, screaming and wheeling round, they swooped into the ravine where the corpse lay, and Paolo did not care to see more.

As Paolo had not seen Yousuff among the soldiery he had first discerned, he conjectured either that the renegade had wandered from them, in order to exercise his own talents in his own peculiar way.

Or, that he had command of an extra body of men, and that these were marching across the mountains in opposite directions.

Besides, having seen none of his own partisans in his locality—meeting only the shepherds and goat-herds—he had marvelled where the firing came.

Suddenly, a thought struck him—for even yet all had been so instantaneous that the youth was stunned—if by any hap any of Yousuff's associates beheld those vultures they would be at no

loss to guess that the vultures had found their prey there.

It might be that of a friend, it might be that of a foe, it is true; but missing their leader, they would naturally seek him out.

Then he wanted his rifle, which lay on the other side of the chasm both had leaped over.

To leap back, and possess himself of his weapon, was done as soon as thought of; then, seeing that there was a higher mountain path, though a broken one and well sheltered, he took that, and stole to a spot where he dared go no higher lest he should expose himself to view, but from whence he had an admirable look-out in the direction from whence King Ferdinand's soldiers had come.

Far below, on a rugged plateau, well sheltered nevertheless, and even well guarded by a precipitous mountain wall, a group of them were easily seen—their muskets piled, the sentinels placed at good strategic points—preparing for the mid-day meal, which, after their long and fatiguing "climb,"—rather than march—they necessarily stood in need of.

Some were smoking, while others had lit a fire to cook their polenta; and sanguinary as the business of the morning had been, they appeared to go through their employment as if their lives and wills were of less consequence to the possessor than to him who owned them.

A thirst for blood is a latent but interested thing in the human heart. Many a man passes through life—artless, innocent, childlike,—and never wished—never did—harm to any of God's creatures.

But that man has not had his hearth outraged; has never been struck on the mouth by a drunken, insolent soldier, the tiger of his kind; has never felt the pressure of tyrannic laws; has never felt the insolence of office; has never been dragged from the midst of family, and on "suspicion" been thrust into a hideous den made of impenetrable stone; has, in fact, experienced no wanton wrong at the hand of irresponsible power; has never known that accursed lie and heresy about the "Divine right of kings," and having found peace in the world does not desire to invade it.

But Paolo had known, if he had not experienced all these. Besides, blood was on his hands; and while he would have shed the same over again, and while he would have resisted to the death further innovation, there had come into his being a new sentiment. The tiger had been awakened in his breast.

To have picked out any one of the group, and made a target of him—to have reloaded, and again found a victim—would not be difficult, and the idea came to him.

He stifled it, nevertheless, for with the chivalry of youth, it was to him mere murder.

Only if he could have found a dozen of those wandering or in hiding, what a glorious thing to environ, to circumvent, to surprise, to slay them all!

And this, according to the fierce logic working within him, would only have been a just reprisal.

And who shall say that it would not have been so?

He sat still in his hidden nook, and while partaking of the scanty remains of the food he had in his haversack, he looked around him.

An almost boundless prospect now rewarded his toils, and brought back to him a sense of peace, of home, of his mother and his sister, of his beloved father, on the night—the last night they had spent together at the Flora.

Heaven stretched above him, one boundless arch of azure and gold blended earth and sea, and the purple islands embraced by the intense blue waters of the Archipelago. The purple Apennines fringed the sky, and the tawny shores of the old Tunisian coast seemed to give a tinge to the southern waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

But the beautiful does not protect life that is in danger. It behoved Paolo to be up and doing. If taken, he would, most likely, be shot like a dog, much less than like a man; and, so grasping his rifle the closer, he moved away at last, and descending the southern side of the Devil's Mountain, was secure from his pursuers.

The varied political episodes which filled up the interval of time—inclusive of the ten years of Rocco Giovannelli's imprisonment in the dungeons of the State prisons of Naples—may, in some measure, be called the history of our own time, since the politics of England had an indirect influence upon the results of the Italian war, and

the names of Victor Emmanuel and of the great soldier and liberator Giuseppe Garibaldi have become household words.

Paolo, whose bold and resolute spirit had thus commenced its development by closing the vendetta existing between his father and Yousuff by the tragic, yet not inconsistent, death of the latter, managed, through unheard-of difficulties, to make his escape into Calabria, where he soon became an important agent in the great, the incredible changes that Italy was to witness, and where his courage and his energy became so conspicuous that he was soon appointed to a subordinate command in the patriotic army.

With his career, therefore, we are not immediately concerned.

Let us see, meantime, how Leonora Giovannelli and her daughter Angela have fared.

The unhappy lady, deprived of her husband, and her son still running the gauntlet of peril, added to the still more revolting pressure of persecutions menaced on the part of Yousuff, knew not which way to turn, whither to go, in order to seek the protection she so much needed.

To quit Palermo under the circumstances first described, was next to impossible. To remain subject to the renegade's hateful and arrogant

more. Our enemy is dead. He fell by my hand, and my father is avenged. Instead of despair I bid you hope! The day will come when freedom and liberty shall be the watchwords of Italy. Fear not for me, but love me still. If you hear not of me it will be by reason of the necessity for the strictest secrecy. I commend you to God.

"Mother—my mother—pray for your

"PAOLO.

"Note.—This comes to you by a trusty hand."

Did she not—did not the mother with her great throbbing heart, and her burning eyes—take it with her into her closet, and, pressing it to her lips, pray for the noble boy she was so fond of?

Ah, who can doubt it!

This, you will say, was a note to keep and cherish, and she would naturally lock it up among her dearest treasures.

She did no such thing. She burned it to powder, and scattered the powder to the winds.

Every word, every letter was engraved on the tablet of her heart; but should she share her secret with the detested sbirri on the occasion of some domiciliary visit?

Should she set the bloodhounds on the track of her boy?

There broke over Naples one day a morn of storm and horror—a storm of cannon and musket-shot—a deluge of blood—a wild, tameless hurricane of wrath and violence, and annihilation on either side.

"Death on the Pale Horse" rode rampant through the streets of Naples that day; but the men who fought for their imperishable liberty feared not, nor shrunk they from the ghastly rider.

The great cannon roared and boomed in the streets like thunder in the air. The musket shot rattled like a fierce shower of hail. The shouting of the people, the "noise of the horse and the captains," and the earthshaking reverberations, told even those in the deepest dungeons that the world without was astir, and that the potent voices of millions had arisen in a mighty protest against the huge iniquities of kingly misrule, and that they would die like slaves at the galleys, or live through the strife by which they were only demanding the common "rights of man," however much those "rights" have been declaimed against by those who found it their interest to keep men the mere "hewers of wood and the drawers of water" they, the oligarchic aristocracy, in their arrogance, had pronounced the people to be.

The strife was fierce, prolonged, bloody. Then came flags of truce, a time for temporizing—a lying lull, out of which more time was obtained for more deeds of massacre and murder; but the King was off his throne—had fled. The first Bourbon being dead, his son reigned in his stead, and was no better than his sire.

Then the prison doors were opened, the dungeons crowded by men who came to knock off the fetters, and to sicken and swoon—brave, bold men—at the revolting horrors they beheld there.

A group of soldiers, headed by an officer with papers in his hand, the gallant Bersaglieri of the Sardinian King, came down the corridors; and as the guards, brought group after group of helpless, hopeless wretches out, one came to the door, lifting up his hands to heaven, and thanking God for his order of release.

It was Rocco Giovannelli—a grand man yet, despite his long and dreadful imprisonments; and as he stood at the door a moment in deep prayer, an officer, bareheaded, stood before him, and waited until his deep heart-felt thanksgiving was over.

"My father!" said a low voice by his side.

The man started, looked at the officer, a tall brown-faced man of about five-and-twenty years of age, wearing his nobly won medals on his breast.

"My father, Rocco Giovannelli, do you not know me?"

The man peered still more closely into his face, shook his head, and muttered in a sad tone, "No, it cannot be!"

"Have you forgotten your son Paolo?"

"Paolo! Paolo! Merciful heaven!" and the man clasped his trembling hands together.

"Oh, my father—my father, embrace me; it is I, Paolo, who bring you liberty!"

With one hysterical sob, the man recognised in the noble-looking young officer before him, the boy Paolo of old, and clasped him in his arms.

"Thy mother—my Leo-

nora, my Angela?"

"They are well."

"I thank God for that!"—and this time he knelt, holding his son's hand in his.

Then he arose, gazed proudly upon his son, and said curtly, "Yousuff?"

"He is dead! He fell by my hand!"

Rocco warmly grasped his son's hand.

"The news?" he said again.

"The King has fled. The people are free; and Italy will be what the dreams of poets and sages, of politicians and philosophers, would make her."

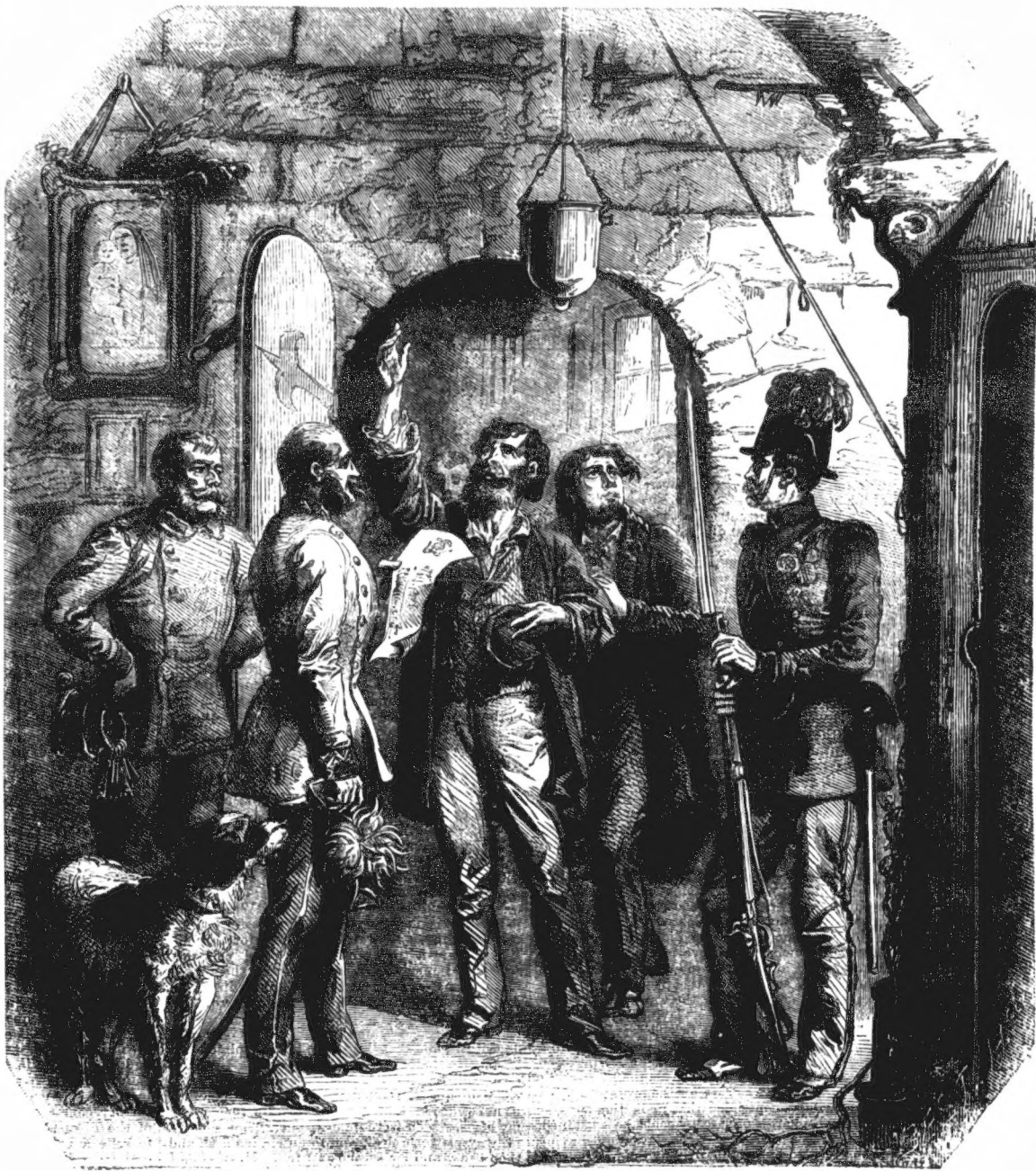
"Good, Paolo—good, my son! Put my name down as one who volunteers to serve under you."

"My father—"

"Where the son can lead, let the father follow. Enough! Come, I long to clasp my Leonora, and to kiss my child. Lead me away, Paolo, for my heart is stifling for lack of the free air of heaven."

They have been fighting together side by side—have witnessed the fall of Gaeta, and living still, are waiting to see new developments in the march of Time, which are not far away from us, and in the hope of which we all participate.

(To be continued in our next.)



PAOLO PRODUCES THE ORDER FOR HIS FATHER'S RELEASE.

pretensions, was an alternative her proud spirit could barely brook.

But she could in some measure protect Angela by placing her in a convent—a place impregnable against all the assaults of heathendom, since friend or foe, being of one common creed, would protect the holy edifice, and shed their blood in defence of all within the walls.

This she lost no time in doing; and Angela was placed for a time in charge of a sisterhood whose mission it was to make her one of their number, while Angela as yet had seen the world in its brightest hues, though one sad cloud had come darkly over her sunshine. Still there was a morrow, and with the morn fresh sunshine and new joys.

Yousuff, thus baffled, was likely, nevertheless, to turn his twice-bittered hate against the next object most beloved by Leonora Giovannelli.

This, of course, was her son, Paolo.

Her apprehensions on this head were, however, dispelled on receipt of the following letter privately conveyed to her, and which alternately filled her breast with pride and joy, hope, and a mother's tenderness:—

"My Mother,—Take comfort, or, rather, fear no

No; she would wait and hope. And so Leonora Giovannelli still remained at Palermo. She could not be better off anywhere else, and some day the absent ones might seek the old home, and find her there waiting to receive them.

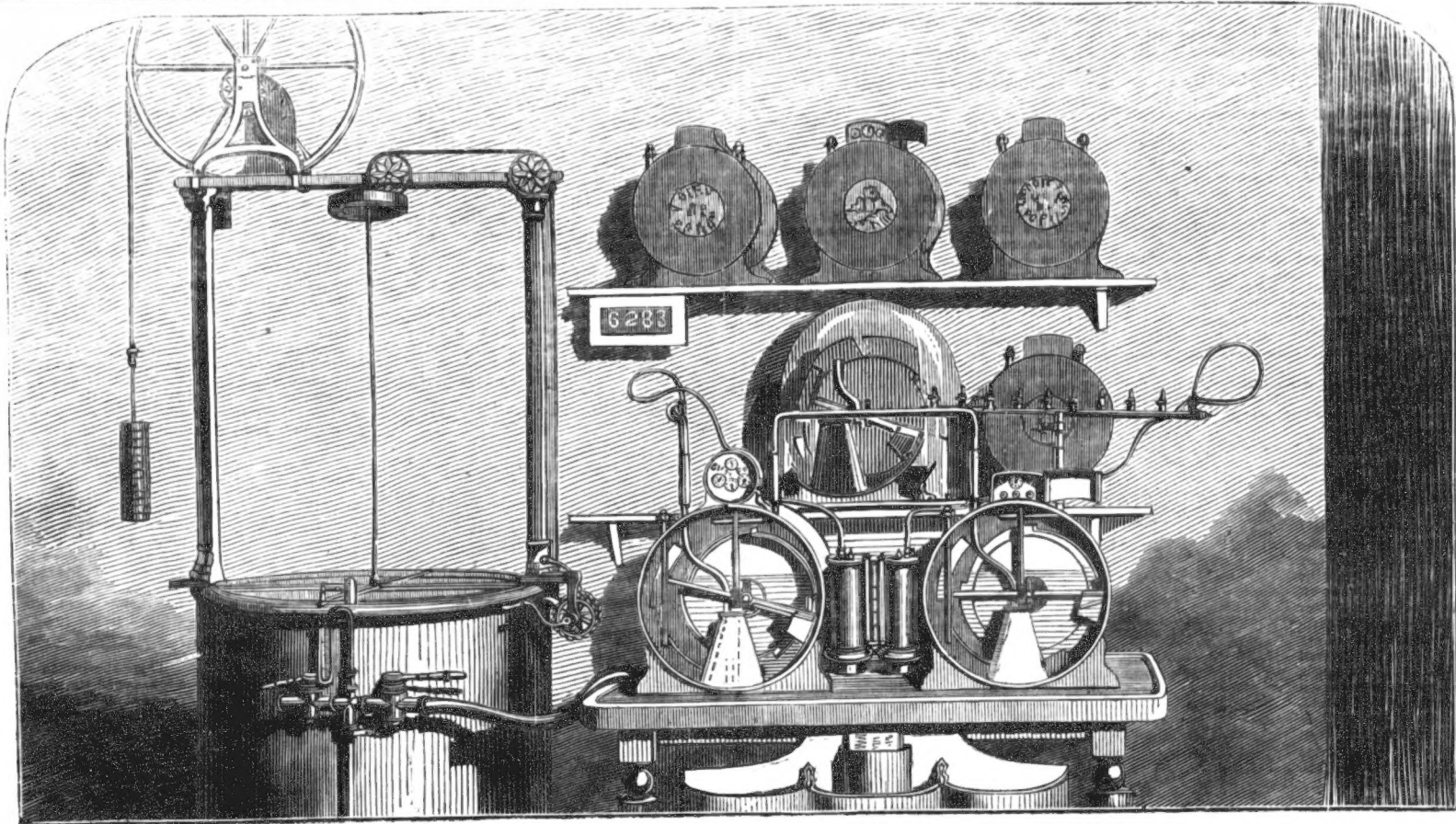
And so the time grew wearier and drearier, though more stormy and full of strife and bloodshed, wore on.

How passed it on with Rocco Giovannelli, then, in his dungeon?

And our intention is, at this moment, to some extent, frustrated. We are not ungrateful for it.

It was our intention to have given one chapter more about dungeon life in the Neapolitan prisons, but while the writer is engaged over these pages, there lies before his eyes two of the most graphic yet appalling chapters of the very prison life referred to, that he prefers referring to the authority in question, seeing that the whole daily routine, is detailed there with a fidelity that cannot be questioned, and with a graphic force almost terrible to realise.

* See "All the Year Round," No. 164 and 165, articles headed "My Dungeons."



BISCHOFF, BROWN, AND CO'S WET GAS METERS.

GAS APPARATUS.

Among the articles in the Exhibition which come under the denomination of hardware, and are placed in class 31, is a collection of meters, and other apparatus connected with the measurement of gas. Among these we recognise the dry meter made by Coll and Glover, and a good exhibition of Edge's dry and wet meters. These meters do not seem to differ from those exhibited in 1851, and are at best only the same instrument, with perhaps some small alteration called an "improvement," so as to gain the notice of the jury. Mr. Richards, of Clerkenwell, makes a very interesting exhibition, in which he shows every meter invented and put in use since the adoption of gas as a system of lighting; he also exhibits every manufacturer's gas meter except Bischoff, Brown, and Co's, from which we are led to infer that there is only one patent meter.

In a corner, almost concealed from view, is what, in our opinion, is the most interesting specimen of meter in the Exhibition, and is that manufactured by Bischoff, Brown, and Levy, of Langham Works, already referred to. As their gas meter is a new invention, we give an illustration of their exhibition, which they seem to have taken every pains to render as complete as the small space allotted to them would allow of. On the left they exhibit a 5ft. gas-holder, constructed for making the experiments, used in nearly all gas works; connected with this, and placed on an experimental testing table, are two of their patent gas meters—the one made of glass so as to show the internal construction, the other of metal, the front only being replaced by a glass side. A duplex pressure gauge stands between the meters, and at the back are placed shelves with specimens of ordinary meters, of experimental meters, with a very delicate pillar, used again for testing the quality of light by photometer; and under a glass shade a skeleton sample of one of their meters partly constructed.

By aid of the gas-holder (which they are compelled by the commissioners to charge with air only) and pressure gauge they can show to any practical person, or any visitor desirous of information, that the accurate registration of their meter is not affected through any variation of the water-line, nor by any variation of pressure, nor by an addition of lights to double the number for which the meter was constructed. The meter also works with the least possible amount of friction.

The idea for their meter was the invention of the late Samuel Clegg, C.E., and has been carried out and completed by Bischoff, Brown, and Levy. The chief point of interest in the meter is that the drum, or measuring capacity, floats in the water, and thereby adjusts itself to the various severe tests before-mentioned, while experiments the exhibitors are very happy to make and explain to any inquiring visitors. We understand that their meter is very largely used by the London gas companies, and has been purchased by several parties on the Continent. It is also the meter used for measuring the gas consumed at the Mansion House. We think they well deserve their medal, and we should not be surprised in a short time to see their meter eclipse the dry meter, hitherto generally supposed to be the best.

A BARE POSSIBILITY.—"Jeems, my lad, keep away from the gals. Ven you see one coming, dodge. Just such a critter as that young 'un cleanin' the door step on t'other side of the street, fooled yer poor dad, Jimmy. If it hadn't been for her, you and yer dad might ha' been in Californy huntin' dimuns, my son."

TRIALS AT THE MIDDLESEX SESSIONS.

AN IMPUDENT CHEAT.

George Thompson, aged 25, a brass finisher, was indicted for stealing a sovereign, the money of Thomas Bates.

Mr. Cooper prosecuted for the Great Northern Railway Company, and Mr. Ribton was counsel for the prisoner.

In this case a somewhat singular point was raised by Mr. Ribton, which, after the verdict of the jury, was reserved for the Court of Criminal Appeal. The facts were these. The wife of the prosecutor, an engineer, at Greenwich, went to the booking-office of the Great Northern Railway to procure a ticket for York, but finding that in a rush she could not get through the barrier, she asked the prisoner, who seemed to be getting one for himself, if he would get her one for York. He said "Yes," and she handed him a sovereign. It was then the prisoner's turn to pass the window, but he turned round, looked at Mrs. Bates, and passed on without taking any ticket at all, and bolted on to the platform, where he endeavoured to hide himself. However, with the aid of a constable, she found him in about ten minutes on the platform, and charged him with the theft of her sovereign. At first he denied it, but then said, "Are you the lady?" The constable had hold of his hand at that time, in which there was a sovereign, and the prisoner produced two tickets for Doncaster. The female asked for her change, which would be 10s., but he only produced 2s. from his pocket. He was close to her when she gave him the sovereign, and the next moment he ran away, and she said "For York" so distinctly that she could not have been misunderstood. On the way to the station the constable found some playing cards on the prisoner and two return tickets for Doncaster. The prisoner on the platform said something to a man, who then ran away, something having been passed to him. This was outside the barrier.

At the close of the case for the prosecution, Mr. Ribton contended that upon the facts as proved no charge of larceny could be sustained, as there was no trespass, the sovereign having been given to him voluntarily by the prosecutrix, that it could not be brought within the Bailee Act because there was no delivery of property to be returned, and quoted authorities in support of his argument.

The jury found the prisoner "Guilty;" and, in answer to the court, said they considered the prisoner took the sovereign with intent to apply it to his own use, and not to get a ticket for the prosecutrix. The sentence was postponed, and the point as to whether the case amounted to a felony was reserved for the superior court.

A JEREMY DIDDLE.

Charles Cleighton Beauchamp Harper, 28, clerk, was indicted for fraudulently obtaining from Emily Foster four bonnets, value £10, the property of Robert Hill; for fraudulently obtaining by like means from Enoch Hebbis two lamps, value £16 15s 6d, the property of Leopold Warlament, with intent to defraud; and for other articles, value £2 5s 6d, the property of Walter Holman. He pleaded "Guilty."

Mr. Pater prosecuted, instructed on behalf of the Association for the Prosecution of Shoplifters and Swindlers, by Mr. Warrand.

It was quite clear that this prisoner was a most accomplished swindler, and carried on his system of nefarious plunder under the name of "Edward Francis Carew." He ordered goods of tradesmen to be sent to railway stations, stating that he was Mr. Carew, of Clifton Cottage, Cambridge, and

gave the persons who brought the things valueless cheques, but he was always to be found ready to receive them in the first class waiting-room. He said he always travelled first class to his residence at Cambridge; but it turned out that he was not Mr. Carew, nor Charles Beauchamp Creighton Harper, but a man whose real name could not be ascertained, and a companion of the man who styled himself "De Winton," who was convicted the other day of robbing a lady of her earrings, and sentenced to six months' hard labour for that offence. The prisoner had been swindling wholesale, there was no doubt, and there was reason to believe that he had been previously convicted.

The learned judge said it was a case most properly prosecuted, and, without going to the extremity which the law enabled him to do, he should, and could not do less than sentence him to three years' penal servitude.

AFFRAY BETWEEN AN ENGLISH MAJOR AND AN AMERICAN COLONEL.

MAJOR LONGLEY, of the English Engineers, writes as follows to the *Times* :—

"I have the honour to request you will give publicity in your valuable journal to the following statement of facts, which I am sure you will agree with me deserve publicity, in order to show the state of affairs and feeling in North America. I was travelling on the Baltimore and Washington Railway this morning, and had occasion to stop at Relay House to wait two hours for a train. While there a train containing rebel prisoners arrived. I remarked to an officer of the United States' army, who happened to be standing near me, that they were fine-looking men; to which he replied that they were so, if lice and dirt could make them so. I stated that that had nothing to do with it, and that they were in my opinion fine men. He then asked me who I was? I replied, 'An Englishman.' He said, 'Yes, a d—d infernal Englishman.' I replied that I supposed he must be a Yankee of that description. He then seized my arms, which were folded, pushed me off the railway platform nearly on to an engine first, and then back, and kicked me as I fell. Meanwhile I naturally resisted, and aimed a blow with my right fist at his face, which only took partial effect, fortunately for him. He then fetched a guard to take me prisoner, which I quietly assented to. He brought me to Baltimore, and took me before the provost-marshal. I sent for Mr. Bernal, the English consul, who came at once, and I appeared face to face with my accuser, Lieutenant-Colonel Massey, 2nd Maryland. General Wool read his charge, to which I replied that it was in the main correct, but that I felt deeply insulted at the lieutenant-colonel forcibly pushing me back; to which General Wool said I was wrong to express my opinion so freely, and that the lieutenant-colonel was also wrong in using force to me. The general advised me to leave this town for New York at once, and that he could not give me leave to visit the Federal army, as I had expressed Southern "Secession" opinions. I replied that I was willing to do so, but wished to have some satisfaction from him for the brutal treatment I had experienced from a United States' officer. He said Lieutenant-Colonel Massey would afford me personal satisfaction, but as to any other I must apply to the civil power. I told him I did not require personal satisfaction, but military. He declined having anything more to say. I then retired with the consul, and am now en route for New York. Such facts speak for themselves. I only wish them to be known in England, that travellers may know what to expect in the North

United States. General Wool also advised me to leave the town as speedily as possible, as it was not safe for me to remain. I am, sir, your obedient servant,
"G. LONGLEY, Major, R.E."
"Baltimore, Sept. 20."

PROFESSOR SIMONDS ON THE OUTBREAK OF SMALLPOX IN SHEEP.

On Monday afternoon the introductory address to the forthcoming session of the Royal Veterinary College, Camden-town, was delivered by Professor Simonds.

The professor observed, that although smallpox in sheep was a disease unknown during the present generation in this country previous to 1847, it was not uncommon in many of the great sheep districts on the Continent. In the case of the human smallpox we possessed a simple, efficacious, and an almost altogether harmless means of prevention in vaccination; but vaccination afforded no protection to sheep. Where the separation of the affected animals from the healthy ones proved insufficient to stay the disease, there remained only inoculation, which he recommended as the most efficacious safeguard. The disease had been introduced by foreign sheep sold in Smithfield Market; it had spread rapidly, and committed frightful ravages in several counties during the years 1847, 1848, and 1850. Since 1850 the malady had not been heard of among our flocks until July last, when it broke out in Allington, near Devizes. Neither the shepherds nor the proprietors were satisfied as to its real nature until his (the professor's) aid had been sought, and at that time many animals had been lost. How it was communicated to Mr. Parry's flock was still a mystery, but it quickly spread to neighbouring flocks, and subsequently extended to neighbouring counties. There was good hope—thanks to the preventive measures adopted—that the malady had been stayed in the vicinity where it had first showed itself; but as yet it would be premature to express any decided opinion on the probable further course of the outbreak. The nature of the disease and the period of the year alike forbade a hasty conclusion. He could not conceal from himself the probability—that the disease might still spread more widely, and that the visitation might ultimately prove as calamitous as in 1847 to 1850. The professor then at some length discussed the economical and social aspects of the question. Premising that the value of the flocks of this country amounted to many millions sterling, he said the loss by death ranged from one-fifth to one-half, or even more, of an infected flock. This, however, was but part of the loss. The farmer had to bear the effects of the disease on the breeding and rearing of lambs, and the fattening of stock. Then grave as was the sacrifice to individuals, it was not the less so to the whole community, who suffered from a diminished supply of mutton and its consequent increase in price. The rising of butcher's meat to the extent of a penny or a halfpenny in the pound would as surely tell a fatal story in the Registrar-General's returns of mortality. A large portion of our population at the best lived by a shade or two above the point of starvation; a still larger portion were insufficiently fed, and the outbreak of a malady in sheep might often make the differential element in the outbreak or not of epidemic disease among the people. It was from this point of view that they could obtain the most just ideas of the true dignity of veterinary science. It was from this point of view, also, that they obtained the most accurate views of the veterinary practitioner's duties, for it was upon

PIESSE AND LUBIN'S SWEET SCENTS.
Of most exquisite Odour.
LABORATORY OF FLOWERS.
No. 2, NEW BOND-STREET, No. 2.

FELIX SULTANA'S CELEBRATED PERFUMERY.
Wholesale and Retail.
Messrs. BARCLAY and SONS, Farringdon-street.
Messrs. BENT, ALLCOCK, LYCETT and CO., Wood-street.
Messrs. WELCH, MARGENTON and CO., Cheapside.
Export Office, 23, Finsbury, E.C.
The Essence of every Perfume yielding Flower always in stock.

FELIX SULTANA'S CHARMING PERFUME.
MIGNONETTE.
The Mignonette, whose fragrant breath wakes up a thousand memories of childhood's sunny hours.
1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle. Cases of three, 4s. 3d. and 7s. 6d.
WHEELER and COMPANY, Agents, 23 and 24, Finsbury, E.C.

BARRINGTON.
HIS EXTRAORDINARY CAREER.
SEE
REYNOLDS' MISCELLANY,
ONE PENNY.

TAYLOR'S LAST LETTER TO HIS WIFE.
—STARTLING REVELATIONS.—See Third Edition of TAYLOR'S LIFE AND EXISTENCE. The only complete and illustrated Edition now publishing.
Price One Penny.
London: HARRISON, Salisbury-court, and all Newsmen.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Read the 6d. book, THE WONDERS OF THE GOLD DIGGINGS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, by a Successful Digger, who shows how any person can always get from 30s. to £5 a-day, at a trifling outlay. DEAN and SON, 11, Ludgate-hill, London, and all booksellers; or post-free for 7 stamps from Mr. Jones, publisher, Barnstaple, Devon.

HALFPENNY NUMBERS, WEEKLY
16 pages crown octavo, illustrated.
COTTAGE GIRL; or, The Marriage Day.
GIPSEY MOTHER; or, The Miracles of Enforced Marriage.
BROKEN HEART; or, The Victim.
GIPSEY GIRL; or, The Heir of Hazel Dell.
LOVE'S HALFPENNY NOVELIST.
GOLDSMITH'S NATURAL HISTORY.
London—JOHN LUTTS, 302, Strand, and all Booksellers.

INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE FOR LADIES.
GUICHES, 194, Oxford-street, three doors from Orchard-street.
FRENCH, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Latin, and Greek TAUGHT, in private lessons, or in classes at the above College. Pupils attended at their residences. Translations undertaken.

TO ESTATE AGENTS, &c.
THE MONTHLY LONDON AND PROVINCIAL HOUSE ADVERTISER.
No. 2, now ready, price 2d. Published at 9, Burlington-street, Strand, London. Wanted Carpenters and Agents in the country.

MONEY WITH OR WITHOUT SECURITY, AND WITHOUT LIFE ASSURANCE EXPENSES.
LOANS OF £3 TO £500 Advanced at the MONEY LENDERS' ADVANCE AND DISCOUNT OFFICE (Private), 3, Finsbury-pl., South, opposite Fore-st., City, on Personal Security, Freehold and Leasehold Bonds, without the expense of mortgage at the following rates:—For the sums of £3 to £20, at 10 per cent. from £20 to £50, at 7½; above £50, at 5 per cent; or without security, at extra risk premiums. Bills discounted. No office or Clerks' fees. Forms of application gratis.—WM. CLARKE, Manager.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO AND FINE ART GALLERY.
56, Albany-street, Regent's-park. The Finest and most Economical Photographs in London. Open daily from Nine till Six.
Cartes de Visite, Ten for 10s. 6d.

LENSES FOR CONSTRUCTING TELESCOPES.—Complete set, showing Jupiter's moons with instructions for fixing, post-free, 3s. 6d. Illustrated Catalogue, two stamps.
FREDERICK J. COX, 22, Skinner-street, London.

EXCURSIONISTS may SECURE £100 for their FAMILIES in case of DEATH or £1 weekly for themselves if injured by RAILWAY ACCIDENT by taking an INSURANCE TICKET, costing TWOPENCE, of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, the only company exclusively privileged to issue insurance tickets against railway accidents at the various railway stations.
N.B.—Take your insurance ticket when you pay your fare.
4, Cornhill, E.C. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN COLONIES THEIR CAPABILITIES AND ADVANTAGES.
SMALL CAPITALISTS AND LABOURING CLASSES OF GREAT BRITAIN.
By W. A. BRADSHIRE, Esq.,
Late Member of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, Price Fourpence.
BEADLE and CO., 44, Paternoster-row.

PATENT WATER AND FIRE-PROOF COLOUR COMPANY.
Inventor and Manager,
MR. JAMES WELCH.
SURVEYOR, BUILDERS, AND ESTATE AGENT.
THIS COLOUR, INVENTED BY MR. WELCH, is designed to destroy all green vegetation, and prevent moss from growing, and dampness penetrating through walls where buildings are exposed to the weather. It is impervious to rain or moisture and preserves all external parts from decay. To be had in large or small quantities.
DELAFTED HOUSE PROPERTY, or Carcasses purchased on long or short leases. Valuations made, and money advanced to any amount on approved security, in Town or Country.
CONTRACTS ENTERED INTO for Colouring, Building, and General Repairs at Lowest Estimates.
Prospectus free on receipt of One Stamp.

SITUATIONS obtained for every class of the unemployed through the English and Foreign Advertising Agency, 1, Victoria-street, Farringdon-street. References to hundreds of employers and employed—no charge of 2s. 6d. for booking or registration—names will be entered and prospectus and list of vacant situations forwarded on receipt of seven stamps. Ladies' hours, three till five.

J. BLACKTON, PRACTICAL CARVER AND GILDER.
74, Long-acre, W.C., three doors west of Drury-lane.
Gilt Moulding Frames per foot.....4d.
Do. do. with Corner Enrichments, do.....5d.
Maple and Gold Frames, do. do.....5d.
Glass, Back, and Rings included.
Elegant Gilt Frames for the Coloured Prints issued with the Illustrated London News 2s. each, complete. Maple and Gold, 10s. 3s. 6d. packed for the country gratis.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED.—MARK YOUR LINE.—The best and only method of marking lines is with CULLETON'S PATENT ELECTRO-SILVER PLATES. Any person can use them. Initial Plate, 1s.; Name, 2s. 6d.; Set of Movable Numbers, 2s. 6d.; Great Plate, 5s.; with directions for use, sent free by post for stamps.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver and Designer, 25, Cranbourne-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

WEDDING CARDS AND ENVELOPES stamped in Silver with Arms, Crest, or reversed Ciphers in a few hours. A Card Plate engraved in any style, and 50 best Ivory Cards for 2s. post-free.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourne-street corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC STUDIO.—For finding the Armorial Bearings, Pedigree, and Family History of nearly every Name in this Kingdom, and America, and Name and County. Plain Sketch of Arms, 3s.; in Heraldic Colours, 6s. The Manual of Heraldry, 40s. Engravings, 3s. 6d., post-free, by T. CULLETON, Genealogist, 25, Cranbourne-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C. The Studio and Library open daily.

BOOKPLATES engraved with Arms, Crest, and Motto, 1s.; Crest on Seal for Rings, 7s.; Crest Dies for Stamp-press, 1s.; Engraving in the best paper, 2s. Any person can use them. T. CULLETON, Engraver to the Queen, by appointment, April 30, 1862, and Chief Designer to the Board of Trade, 25, Cranbourne-street, corner of St. Martin's-lane.

STAMP YOUR OWN PAPER with Crest, Initials, or Address by means of CULLETON'S PATENT EMBOSSING PRESS, price 1s.; best paper, 2s. Any person can use them. T. CULLETON, Designer to the Board of Trade, 25, Cranbourne-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

SOLID GOLD RING. Hall-marked, 18-carat, engraved with any Crest, 42s.; ditto, very massive, for arm, crest, and motto, 75s. The Hall-mark is the only guarantee for pure gold. T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourne-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

MR. BELL SMITH, Artist Photographer, invites inspection of his Carte de Visite and other Photographic Portraits, at his studio, 17, Regent-street, Waterloo-place, opposite the Gallery of Illustration.

300 BEST IVORY CARDS with your NAME engraved thereon in any style, sent post-free on receipt of 1s. 6d. in postage stamps to W. F. OGDEN, Engraver, &c., & Bishopsgate, Hull.

SECOND HAND LEDGERS, JOURNALS, CASH AND DAY BOOKS, at LESS than HALF the PRICE of new ones, at PALMER and SUTTON'S, Wholesale Stationers and Papermakers Agents, 24 & 26, Crutched-frars, Mark-lane, and 21a, Tottenham-court-road. Old account books and waste paper of every description bought for re-manufacture.

THE ONLY PRIZE MEDAL FOR CRINOLINES.
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, CLASS 27.
DO NOT be deceived into purchasing other than THOMSON'S PATENT CROWN CRINOLINES, the Best, Cheapest, and only Patented.
C. ALL THOMSON'S SKIRTS have one of their Trade Marks, viz., a Crown, Anchor, Star, Head, Spread Eagle, &c. in a Garment, or Imperial Standard. All others are infringers of their patents. Sold everywhere.

THOMSON'S ELEGANCE, ECONOMY, and the latest Parisian style, are insured by using Thomson's Patent Crown Crinoline, worn by her Majesty, the Empress Eugenie, and the Ladies of the princely and noble families.
Sold everywhere.

STAYS, CRINOLINES, AND CORSETS.
THE ONLY PRIZE MEDAL for Excellence of Workmanship and New Combinations in STAYS, CRINOLINES, and CORSETS, has been awarded to A. SALOMONSON, Wholesale Manufacturer, Old Change, London, E.C. Any of the Goods exhibited by him in Class 27 of Clothing Department, including the Patent Cardibone (Collapsing) Japon, may be obtained, retail, of all respectable Drapers, Milliners, and Staymakers.

"FOR A FASHIONABLE TAILOR," go to THOMAS WELLS, 35, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn, W.C. Tourist's Suit, 50s. Business or Morning Coat, 25s. Summer Trousers, all wool, 16s. Tents, cash.

DEKING'S PATENT LIGHT VENTILATED HATS, 18s. Second, 15s. Every variety of Tweed and Felt Hats and Caps.
95, Strand, and 251, Regent-street.

HATS! HATS! HATS!—The best and cheapest in London are to be had at Davies' Noted Warehouse, 266, Strand, west side of St. Clement's Church.
Excellent Paris Silk Hats for ordinary wear.....3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.
Superior ditto for best wear.....5s. 6d. and 6s. 6d.

LONDON HAT COMPANY, London-bridge.
—A First-rate Hat is now to be obtained as above at 10s. 6d., in all the most fashionable shapes, and of the greatest durability. Established in 1835. Corner of London-bridge.

STEEL COLLARS AND WRISTBANDS.
ATKINSON'S PATENT.
Enamelled White, equal in appearance to the finest Linen. Gentle Collar, 1s. 6d. each; Wristbands, 2s. 6d. pair.
Ladies' Collar, Narrow, 1s. 6d. each; Broad, 2s. 6d. pair.
Ladies' Gansletts or Cuffs, 2s. 6d. per pair.

All expense ceased with the use of these collars, as the wearer can wash and dry them ready for use in one moment. They cannot crumple; are easily adjusted, and agreeable to wear and combine beauty with economy.
Sold by G. DAVIES, Hosiery, 323, High Holborn, W.C.

WALTERS' ELASTIC STOCKINGS, for Ladies' Feet and Weak Legs. Price 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 20s. 6d., 22s. 6d., 24s. 6d., 26s. 6d., 28s. 6d., 30s. 6d., 32s. 6d., 34s. 6d., 36s. 6d., 38s. 6d., 40s. 6d., 42s. 6d., 44s. 6d., 46s. 6d., 48s. 6d., 50s. 6d., 52s. 6d., 54s. 6d., 56s. 6d., 58s. 6d., 60s. 6d., 62s. 6d., 64s. 6d., 66s. 6d., 68s. 6d., 70s. 6d., 72s. 6d., 74s. 6d., 76s. 6d., 78s. 6d., 80s. 6d., 82s. 6d., 84s. 6d., 86s. 6d., 88s. 6d., 90s. 6d., 92s. 6d., 94s. 6d., 96s. 6d., 98s. 6d., 100s. 6d., 102s. 6d., 104s. 6d., 106s. 6d., 108s. 6d., 110s. 6d., 112s. 6d., 114s. 6d., 116s. 6d., 118s. 6d., 120s. 6d., 122s. 6d., 124s. 6d., 126s. 6d., 128s. 6d., 130s. 6d., 132s. 6d., 134s. 6d., 136s. 6d., 138s. 6d., 140s. 6d., 142s. 6d., 144s. 6d., 146s. 6d., 148s. 6d., 150s. 6d., 152s. 6d., 154s. 6d., 156s. 6d., 158s. 6d., 160s. 6d., 162s. 6d., 164s. 6d., 166s. 6d., 168s. 6d., 170s. 6d., 172s. 6d., 174s. 6d., 176s. 6d., 178s. 6d., 180s. 6d., 182s. 6d., 184s. 6d., 186s. 6d., 188s. 6d., 190s. 6d., 192s. 6d., 194s. 6d., 196s. 6d., 198s. 6d., 200s. 6d., 202s. 6d., 204s. 6d., 206s. 6d., 208s. 6d., 210s. 6d., 212s. 6d., 214s. 6d., 216s. 6d., 218s. 6d., 220s. 6d., 222s. 6d., 224s. 6d., 226s. 6d., 228s. 6d., 230s. 6d., 232s. 6d., 234s. 6d., 236s. 6d., 238s. 6d., 240s. 6d., 242s. 6d., 244s. 6d., 246s. 6d., 248s. 6d., 250s. 6d., 252s. 6d., 254s. 6d., 256s. 6d., 258s. 6d., 260s. 6d., 262s. 6d., 264s. 6d., 266s. 6d., 268s. 6d., 270s. 6d., 272s. 6d., 274s. 6d., 276s. 6d., 278s. 6d., 280s. 6d., 282s. 6d., 284s. 6d., 286s. 6d., 288s. 6d., 290s. 6d., 292s. 6d., 294s. 6d., 296s. 6d., 298s. 6d., 300s. 6d., 302s. 6d., 304s. 6d., 306s. 6d., 308s. 6d., 310s. 6d., 312s. 6d., 314s. 6d., 316s. 6d., 318s. 6d., 320s. 6d., 322s. 6d., 324s. 6d., 326s. 6d., 328s. 6d., 330s. 6d., 332s. 6d., 334s. 6d., 336s. 6d., 338s. 6d., 340s. 6d., 342s. 6d., 344s. 6d., 346s. 6d., 348s. 6d., 350s. 6d., 352s. 6d., 354s. 6d., 356s. 6d., 358s. 6d., 360s. 6d., 362s. 6d., 364s. 6d., 366s. 6d., 368s. 6d., 370s. 6d., 372s. 6d., 374s. 6d., 376s. 6d., 378s. 6d., 380s. 6d., 382s. 6d., 384s. 6d., 386s. 6d., 388s. 6d., 390s. 6d., 392s. 6d., 394s. 6d., 396s. 6d., 398s. 6d., 400s. 6d., 402s. 6d., 404s. 6d., 406s. 6d., 408s. 6d., 410s. 6d., 412s. 6d., 414s. 6d., 416s. 6d., 418s. 6d., 420s. 6d., 422s. 6d., 424s. 6d., 426s. 6d., 428s. 6d., 430s. 6d., 432s. 6d., 434s. 6d., 436s. 6d., 438s. 6d., 440s. 6d., 442s. 6d., 444s. 6d., 446s. 6d., 448s. 6d., 450s. 6d., 452s. 6d., 454s. 6d., 456s. 6d., 458s. 6d., 460s. 6d., 462s. 6d., 464s. 6d., 466s. 6d., 468s. 6d., 470s. 6d., 472s. 6d., 474s. 6d., 476s. 6d., 478s. 6d., 480s. 6d., 482s. 6d., 484s. 6d., 486s. 6d., 488s. 6d., 490s. 6d., 492s. 6d., 494s. 6d., 496s. 6d., 498s. 6d., 500s. 6d., 502s. 6d., 504s. 6d., 506s. 6d., 508s. 6d., 510s. 6d., 512s. 6d., 514s. 6d., 516s. 6d., 518s. 6d., 520s. 6d., 522s. 6d., 524s. 6d., 526s. 6d., 528s. 6d., 530s. 6d., 532s. 6d., 534s. 6d., 536s. 6d., 538s. 6d., 540s. 6d., 542s. 6d., 544s. 6d., 546s. 6d., 548s. 6d., 550s. 6d., 552s. 6d., 554s. 6d., 556s. 6d., 558s. 6d., 560s. 6d., 562s. 6d., 564s. 6d., 566s. 6d., 568s. 6d., 570s. 6d., 572s. 6d., 574s. 6d., 576s. 6d., 578s. 6d., 580s. 6d., 582s. 6d., 584s. 6d., 586s. 6d., 588s. 6d., 590s. 6d., 592s. 6d., 594s. 6d., 596s. 6d., 598s. 6d., 600s. 6d., 602s. 6d., 604s. 6d., 606s. 6d., 608s. 6d., 610s. 6d., 612s. 6d., 614s. 6d., 616s. 6d., 618s. 6d., 620s. 6d., 622s. 6d., 624s. 6d., 626s. 6d., 628s. 6d., 630s. 6d., 632s. 6d., 634s. 6d., 636s. 6d., 638s. 6d., 640s. 6d., 642s. 6d., 644s. 6d., 646s. 6d., 648s. 6d., 650s. 6d., 652s. 6d., 654s. 6d., 656s. 6d., 658s. 6d., 660s. 6d., 662s. 6d., 664s. 6d., 666s. 6d., 668s. 6d., 670s. 6d., 672s. 6d., 674s. 6d., 676s. 6d., 678s. 6d., 680s. 6d., 682s. 6d., 684s. 6d., 686s. 6d., 688s. 6d., 690s. 6d., 692s. 6d., 694s. 6d., 696s. 6d., 698s. 6d., 700s. 6d., 702s. 6d., 704s. 6d., 706s. 6d., 708s. 6d., 710s. 6d., 712s. 6d., 714s. 6d., 716s. 6d., 718s. 6d., 720s. 6d., 722s. 6d., 724s. 6d., 726s. 6d., 728s. 6d., 730s. 6d., 732s. 6d., 734s. 6d., 736s. 6d., 738s. 6d., 740s. 6d., 742s. 6d., 744s. 6d., 746s. 6d., 748s. 6d., 750s. 6d., 752s. 6d., 754s. 6d., 756s. 6d., 758s. 6d., 760s. 6d., 762s. 6d., 764s. 6d., 766s. 6d., 768s. 6d., 770s. 6d., 772s. 6d., 774s. 6d., 776s. 6d., 778s. 6d., 780s. 6d., 782s. 6d., 784s. 6d., 786s. 6d., 788s. 6d., 790s. 6d., 792s. 6d., 794s. 6d., 796s. 6d., 798s. 6d., 800s. 6d., 802s. 6d., 804s. 6d., 806s. 6d., 808s. 6d., 810s. 6d., 812s. 6d., 814s. 6d., 816s. 6d., 818s. 6d., 820s. 6d., 822s. 6d., 824s. 6d., 826s. 6d., 828s. 6d., 830s. 6d., 832s. 6d., 834s. 6d., 836s. 6d., 838s. 6d., 840s. 6d., 842s. 6d., 844s. 6d., 846s. 6d., 848s. 6d., 850s. 6d., 852s. 6d., 854s. 6d., 856s. 6d., 858s. 6d., 860s. 6d., 862s. 6d., 864s. 6d., 866s. 6d., 868s. 6d., 870s. 6d., 872s. 6d., 874s. 6d., 876s. 6d., 878s. 6d., 880s. 6d., 882s. 6d., 884s. 6d., 886s. 6d., 888s. 6d., 890s. 6d., 892s. 6d., 894s. 6d., 896s. 6d., 898s. 6d., 900s. 6d., 902s. 6d., 904s. 6d., 906s. 6d., 908s. 6d., 910s. 6d., 912s. 6d., 914s. 6d., 916s. 6d., 918s. 6d., 920s. 6d., 922s. 6d., 924s. 6d., 926s. 6d., 928s. 6d., 930s. 6d., 932s. 6d., 934s. 6d., 936s. 6d., 938s. 6d., 940s. 6d., 942s. 6d., 944s. 6d., 946s. 6d., 948s. 6d., 950s. 6d., 952s. 6d., 954s. 6d., 956s. 6d., 958s. 6d., 960s. 6d., 962s. 6d., 964s. 6d., 966s. 6d., 968s. 6d., 970s. 6d., 972s. 6d., 974s. 6d., 976s. 6d., 978s. 6d., 980s. 6d., 982s. 6d., 984s. 6d., 986s. 6d., 988s. 6d., 990s. 6d., 992s. 6d., 994s. 6d., 996s. 6d., 998s. 6d., 1000s. 6d., 1002s. 6d., 1004s. 6d., 1006s. 6d., 1008s. 6d., 1010s. 6d., 1012s. 6d., 1014s. 6d., 1016s. 6d., 1018s. 6d., 1020s. 6d., 1022s. 6d., 1024s. 6d., 1026s. 6d., 1028s. 6d., 1030s. 6d., 1032s. 6d., 1034s. 6d., 1036s. 6d., 1038s. 6d., 1040s. 6d., 1042s. 6d., 1044s. 6d., 1046s. 6d., 1048s. 6d., 1050s. 6d., 1052s. 6d., 1054s. 6d., 1056s. 6d., 1058s. 6d., 1060s. 6d., 1062s. 6d., 1064s. 6d., 1066s. 6d., 1068s. 6d., 1070s. 6d., 1072s. 6d., 1074s. 6d., 1076s. 6d., 1078s. 6d., 1080s. 6d., 1082s. 6d., 1084s. 6d., 1086s. 6d., 1088s. 6d., 1090s. 6d., 1092s. 6d., 1094s. 6d., 1096s. 6d., 1098s. 6d., 1100s. 6d., 1102s. 6d., 1104s. 6d., 1106s. 6d., 1108s. 6d., 1110s. 6d., 1112s. 6d., 1114s. 6d., 1116s. 6d., 1118s. 6d., 1120s. 6d., 1122s. 6d., 1124s. 6d., 1126s. 6d., 1128s. 6d., 1130s. 6d., 1132s. 6d., 1134s. 6d., 1136s. 6d., 1138s. 6d., 1140s. 6d., 1142s. 6d., 1144s. 6d., 1146s. 6d., 1148s. 6d., 1150s. 6d., 1152s. 6d., 1154s. 6d., 1156s. 6d., 1158s. 6d., 1160s. 6d., 1162s. 6d., 1164s. 6d., 1166s. 6d., 1168s. 6d., 1170s. 6d., 1172s. 6d., 1174s. 6d., 1176s. 6d., 1178s. 6d., 1180s. 6d., 1182s. 6d., 1184s. 6d., 1186s. 6d., 1188s. 6d., 1190s. 6d., 1192s. 6d., 1194s. 6d., 1196s. 6d., 1198s. 6d., 1200s. 6d., 1202s. 6d., 1204s. 6d., 1206s. 6d., 1208s. 6d., 1210s. 6d., 1212s. 6d., 1214s. 6d., 1216s. 6d., 1218s. 6d., 1220s. 6d., 1222s. 6d., 1224s. 6d., 1226s. 6d., 1228s. 6d., 1230s. 6d., 1232s. 6d., 1234s. 6d., 1236s. 6d., 1238s. 6d., 1240s. 6d., 1242s. 6d., 1244s. 6d., 1246s. 6d., 1248s. 6d., 1250s. 6d., 1252s. 6d., 1254s. 6d., 1256s. 6d., 1258s. 6d., 1260s. 6d., 1262s. 6d., 1264s. 6d., 1266s. 6d., 1268s. 6d., 1270s. 6d., 1272s. 6d., 1274s. 6d., 1276s. 6d., 1278s. 6d., 1280s. 6d., 1282s. 6d., 1284s. 6d., 1286s. 6d., 1288s. 6d., 1290s. 6d., 1292s. 6d., 1294s. 6d., 1296s. 6d., 1298s. 6d., 1300s. 6d., 1302s. 6d., 1304s. 6d., 1306s. 6d., 1308s. 6d., 1310s. 6d., 1312s. 6d., 1314s. 6d., 1316s. 6d., 1318s. 6d., 1320s. 6d., 1322s. 6d., 1324s. 6d., 1326s. 6d., 1328s. 6d., 1330s. 6d., 1332s. 6d., 1334s. 6d., 1336s. 6d., 1338s. 6d., 1340s. 6d., 1342s. 6d., 1344s. 6d., 1346s. 6d., 1348s. 6d., 1350s. 6d., 1352s. 6d., 1354s. 6d., 1356s. 6d., 1358s. 6d., 1360s. 6d., 1362s. 6d., 1364s. 6d., 1366s. 6d., 1368s. 6d., 1370s. 6d., 1372s. 6d., 1374s. 6d., 1376s. 6d., 1378s. 6d., 1380s. 6d., 1382s. 6d., 1384s. 6d., 1386s. 6d., 1388s. 6d., 1390s. 6d., 1392s. 6d., 1394s. 6d., 1396s. 6d., 1398s. 6d., 1400s. 6d., 1402s. 6d., 1404s. 6d., 1406s. 6d., 1408s. 6d., 1410s. 6d., 1412s. 6d., 1414s. 6d., 1416s. 6d., 1418s. 6d., 1420s. 6d., 1422s. 6d., 1424s. 6d., 1426s. 6d., 1428s. 6d., 1430s. 6d., 1432s. 6d., 1434s. 6d., 1436s. 6d., 1438s. 6d., 1440s. 6d., 1442s. 6d., 1444s. 6d., 1446s. 6d., 1448s. 6d., 1450s. 6d., 1452s. 6d., 1454s. 6d., 1456s. 6d., 1458s. 6d., 1460s. 6d., 1462s. 6d., 1464s. 6d., 1466s. 6d., 1468s. 6d., 1470s. 6d., 1472s. 6d., 1474s. 6d., 1476s. 6d., 1478s. 6d., 1480s. 6d., 1482s. 6d., 1484s. 6d., 1486s. 6d., 1488s. 6d., 1490s. 6d